



## Set Design

Seth Gitner

The set crew puts together the amazing sets you see during the theater productions. I like set crew because you begin by simply nailing pieces of wood together, and when you finish, it looks like a scene that you might see on Broadway. The counselors who work at set design are great. They are friendly and helpful. Set construction is a great shop and will stay that way for the rest of Buck's Rock history.

Josh Levin

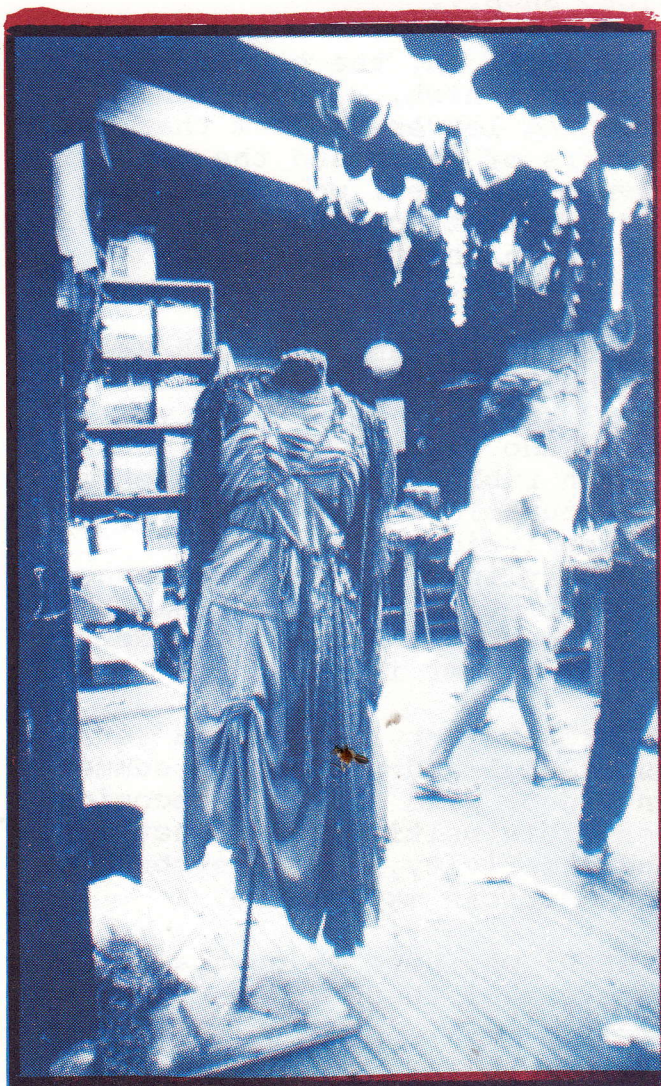
## Costume Shop

The sun is slowly rising across the Summer Theater. Four women walk together past Boys' Annex. They are the costume and makeup staff. There is Jo "not Jerry" Hall, Julia "not Joan" Collins, Helen "when will you bring your costume back" Skillicorn, and Debbie "is a" Gamble.

In the Costume Shop, with a radio and a music library the size of Tower Records, Jo, Julia, Helen, and Debbie sew and put makeup on Summer Theater and Actor's Studio patients.

These people have enjoyed their summer and all hope to come back next year.

Sam Pocker







## V I D E O

A meaningful discussion in the Video Shop...

COUNSELOR: Ah, the end of the summer is nigh....And as the browning leaves confirm the lost summers of youth and the gathering dawn of the real world, we stop for a moment, gazing with rueful nostalgia on the last weeks at Buck's Rock.

CAMPER(newly familiar with English football songs): You what? You what? You what, you what, you what? Who is writing this garbage, I mean rubbish? Oh, it's one of the counselors down at Video waxing lyrical. Again. He's probably in a manic panic because they're still trying to edit half a dozen shows. And, of course, the end of summer is nigh.

COUNSELOR: But it's been a very successful and productive summer in Video, with the shop becoming a veritable melting pot of activity and creativity, a true symbol for the American experience.

CAMPER: Oh, here we go again.... Once one of these Video counselors

starts talking, you can't stop him. Trying to make the Video shop sound like something it wasn't. OK, it was fun. We were there to record lots of stuff around camp, like the plays in the Summer Theater and Actor's Studio. The dance performances. The music concerts. The evening activities. We learned how to use the equipment, like using a video camera for more than just movies, and editing all the material together. We made some programs, like the music videos and the news program. What else is there to say?

COUNSELOR: Well, there were...

CAMPER: Oh god! I knew it!

COUNSELOR: ...the valuable contributions made by all who attended the shop.

CAMPER: Let's close this up while we can, eh? After all, the end of the summer is nigh.

Jesse Apel  
Valerie Bernstein



## Mime

First of all, we mimes wanna thank our beautiful, great, spectacular, fuzzy, segmented teacher. Yay Erica!!

Three times a week, we congregated in the lovely dance studio, or the smaller clown shop. (We love the floor - even if dead bugs do fall on it.) It was in these two dens of creativity (as well as in the wonderful, fuzzy, and segmented brain of Erica) that our performance pieces evolved.

Our first little experiment took us into the canvas of emotion paintings, and onto the stage at Informance. Dance Night led us

into animal presence - a view from the other side of the bars, and Festival transported us to the land of a fairy tale.

Classes, however, were open to everyone, and boy, were they fun (especially after dinner - stretch that food everybody)! In class we transformed everything from raw emotions to textures to anchovy pizza into motion.

At Informance, the dance staff posed the question - what is the difference between mime and modern dance? Well, we'll tell you. Mime is more amoebic! (Yay amoebas!)

Amara Baumgarten  
Mike Hammer









There is a touch of two hands that foils all  
dictionaries.

Carl Sandberg

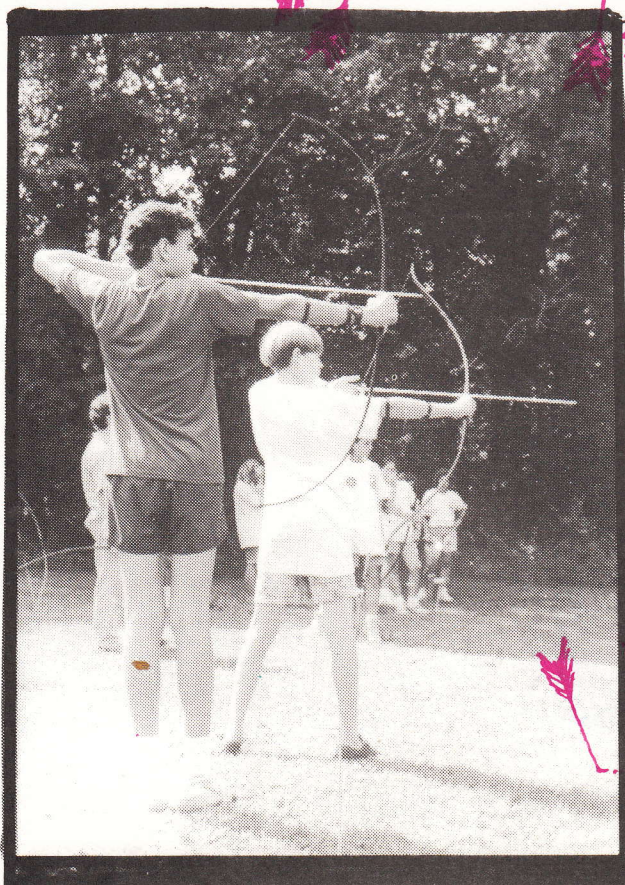




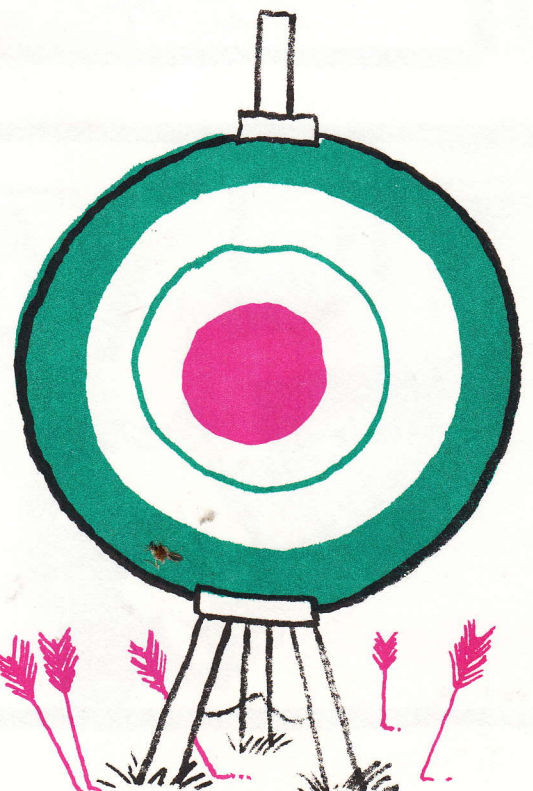


# Archery

Archery--the word conjures up visions of Robin Hood bounding through the forest, bow in hand. Actually, the art of bow and arrow is a very relaxing sport. It is a sport that not only increases hand-eye coordination, but is also a lot of fun. This year's Archery shop was no exception. One outstanding difference in this year's archery shop was that, for the first time in a number of years, there were inter-camp archery competitions. This year, there were two such competitions against Camp Kinder Ring, one at home and one at the rival camp. Aided by a greater number of archers over past years, Buck's Rock managed to do quite well in both competitions. David Danzig, the archery counselor, is a very capable teacher and a talented archer. So make like William Tell and come on down to archery.



Seth Githner





## Animal Farm

The Animal Farm dedicates this year's article to all the animals that died. The two sheep, Rexie and Felicia, who died of an illness and the calf, Aphrodite, who died of a birth defect. We all love and miss them.

This summer was interesting for all of us. No one really knew what to expect from the new staff. But now that the summer has come to an end we can say that the staff is great and, most of all, a lot of fun.

We opened the summer with the first adoption meeting, then shop skits, the farm trip, thirteen nights of "cow watch" followed by the birth of the new calf (which we all missed thanks to lack of sleep), a day of cheese making from goat's milk, the farm breakfast, and last of all, the farm parade.

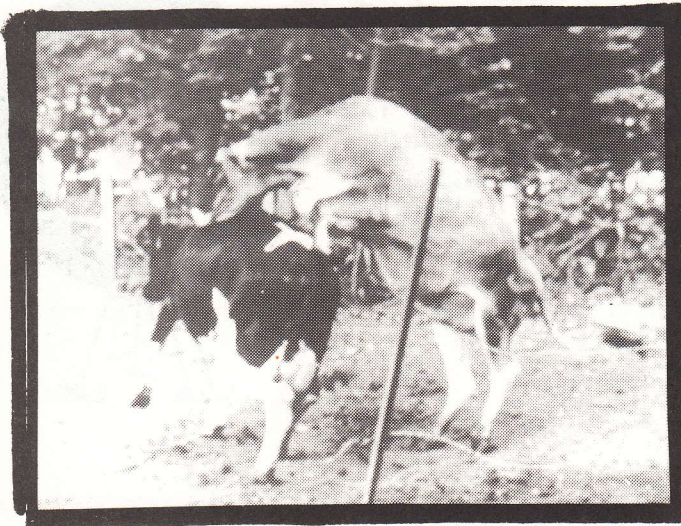
The farm was a place where anyone could go whether they were happy, sad, hurt, confused, serene - anything. The farm, in short, was anything that one made it.

Myriam Hochberg

Jordana Haspel



Denna Cimmet Bershad



Faith Sugarman





## Basketball

"It's not whether you win or lose, it's by how many points." That was our team's slogan this year. It was always part of Lee's pep talk before our games. Lee also reminded us that when we screwed up--not if we screwed up--we shouldn't look at him. He wouldn't know who we were.

Lee Hammond was our coach this year. Pat Riley could have been our coach; I still don't think we could have done any better than losing all our games. Let's face it: we played big sports camps where you spend all day with a basketball in your hands. At Buck's Rock, however, you often have a paintbrush or a welding torch in your hand. Neither is very useful for shooting a jump shot.

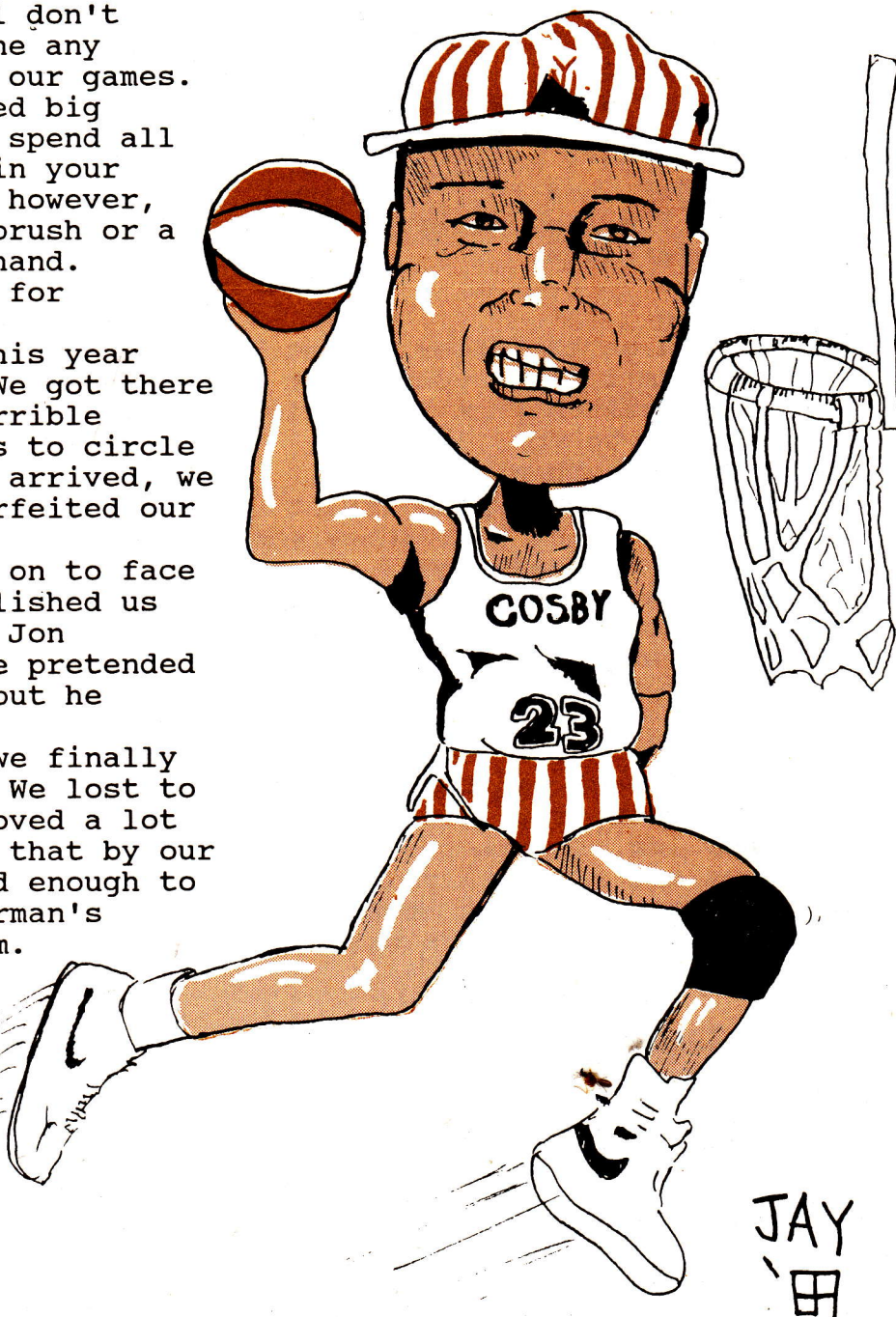
Our first games this year were at Camp Wah-nee. We got there rather late, due to horrible directions which led us to circle Danbury twice. When we arrived, we learned that we had forfeited our first game.

We then continued on to face Camp Pontiac, who demolished us even though we had big Jon Sadowsky. We would have pretended Lee was 16 years old, but he forgot to shave.

After this loss, we finally did play Camp Wah-nee. We lost to them as well, but improved a lot in doing so. I figured that by our 20th game, we'd be good enough to contend with Steve Sherman's junior high school team.

We lost to Camp Delaware too, but we had a chance to avenge our loss when they came to Buck's Rock to play. Every game we played, we got better and better. In the end, I just hope we made a good showing to those who dared to compete with us weavers.

Jed Silverstein





# Yoga

Yoga is a series of exercises that help you relax the body and mind. There are two parts to yoga; bending, twisting, stretching, and balancing is the first. You have to do at least two of each. This helps make your muscles relaxed and healthy.

The second part is relaxation. You lie down in a comfortable spot and think wonderful, imaginative thoughts about yourself and your life. You think about all the good things about yourself.

Yoga gets easier every time you do it, without much strain or effort. It truly makes you feel more relaxed, healthy, and happy.

Here are some examples of typical exercises:

## Example One:

Lie relaxed on the floor. Stretch your right arm, then your right leg. Now, stretch your whole right side. Switch to your left arm, your left leg, then your left side. Stretch your spine, twist and bend it. Bring your knees and legs above your head until you are resting on your spine and back. Then, stretch all your muscles. Try to concentrate on muscles that are usually forgotten or left out.

## Example Two:

Lie on your back and bend your left leg. Then, let it drop over the other leg, to the side. Spread your arms out and turn your head the opposite way. This is an excellent way to stretch the whole of your spine.

## Example Three:

Relax, focus your mind on your body. What part is tingling? Does anything feel different? Can you feel movement in your muscles? Now, lie relaxed and make sure all of your body is heavy. There should be no tension whatsoever. Everything is relaxed.

Close your eyes. Dream that you are on a beautiful Persian carpet. It rises above the trees, above Buck's Rock. So, you can see all the people and it travels to your favorite place. You jump off your beautiful carpet and you explore the whole area. Now, you emerge from your favorite place to your favorite daydream. Think, explore, and feel it. Focus on yourself. Think of the good things about yourself. Think of the things that make you happy, that make you a beautiful person. Even when you can think of no more, you should try to find more positive things about yourself.

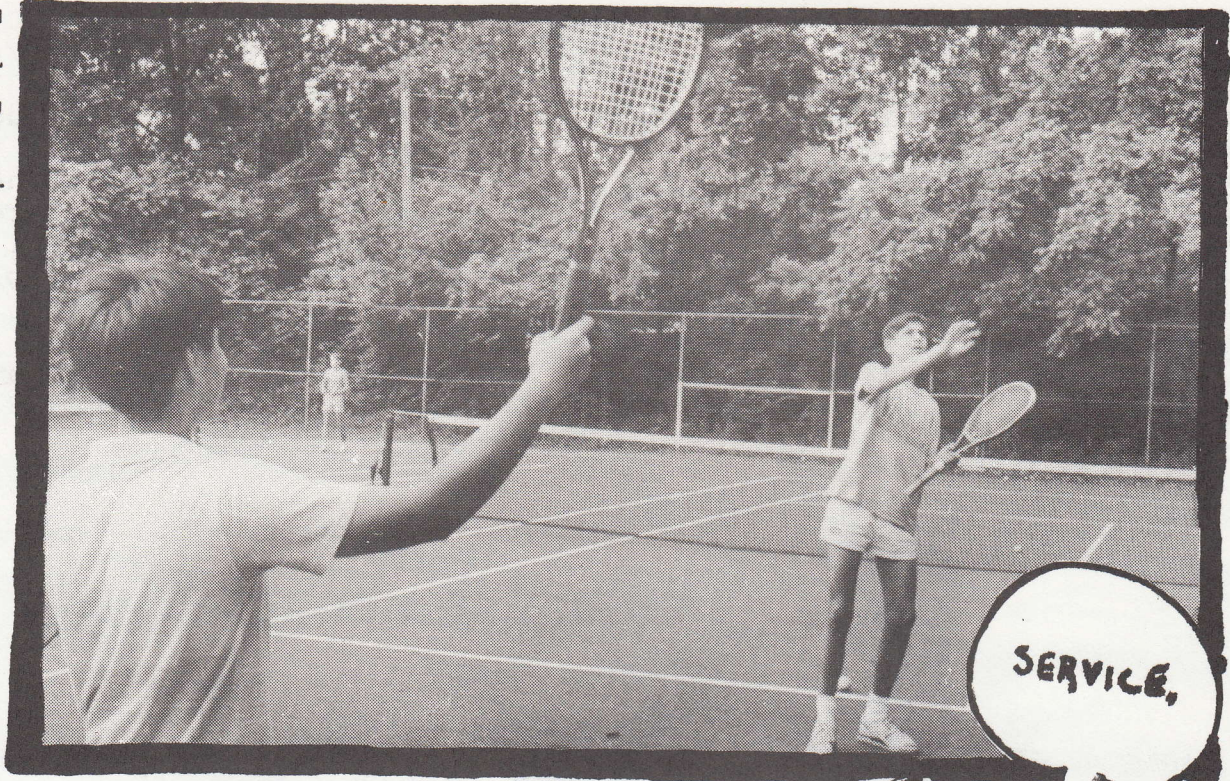
Katie Hagmann  
Kate Higgins  
Sara Geti  
Brooke Bejurano





# noogel Tennis

Josh Danzig



Tennis is not as old as fencing, but old enough. It is a sport with highly acclaimed tournaments such as Wimbledon, The French Open, and the Buck's Rock Classic. This summer was a great success on the courts because we got many campers out in 95 degree weather and worked them until they dropped like flies. We started an annual tennis tournament and prepared a JC for college. Last, but not least, Dave, Evan, and Zac took two "good-for-nothing" counselors from Colorado and "taught" them the fine art of teaching tennis. All in all we had a great summer.

Zac Ravage





## The Blue Lagoon

This summer has been a productive one for many of us. We worked hard to accomplish our goals that we set out for ourselves. But sometimes a break is needed and the water hole fulfilled that need. This year, with the friendly crew on deck, Sally, Doug and Nigel, the water hole became the hot spot where we could all cool off and enjoy the hazy, lazy days

of summer. Not only did it provide enjoyment as well as relaxation in the day, instructional and lap swimming was offered to all swimmers in the morning. When the temperature rose and the shops heated up, the water hole was a refreshing place to be this summer.

Marnie Goodfriend



Josh Danzig



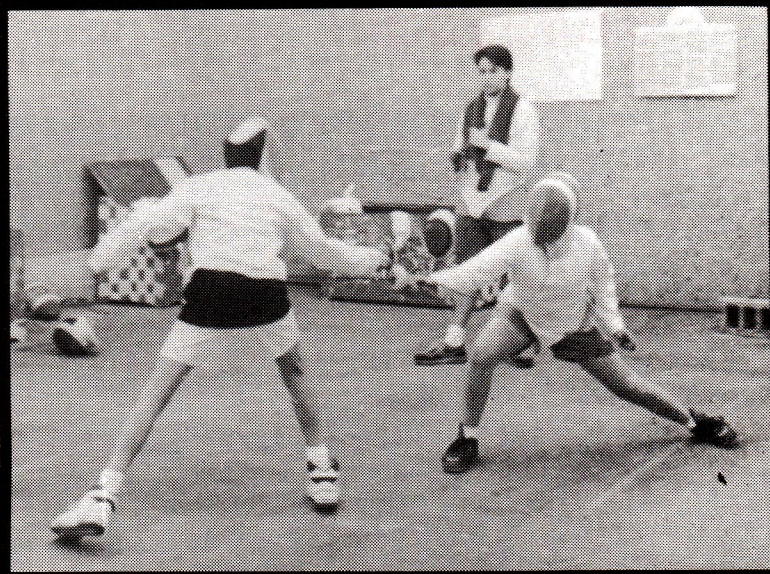
# Fencing

Fencing! It's older than baseball! It's older than tennis! It's older than Steve Favarger! It could well be one of the world's most ancient sports. A sport of skill, strategy, and cunning, its roots can be traced back through the centuries and forward again until we come at last to the Buck's Rock Salle d'Armes.

This summer, campers and CITs, as well as counselors and staff, came to the Fencing Shop where they were taught the art of fencing by "Huge Steve" and "Big Steve" (Huge Steve being head coach Steve Favarger, and Big Steve, his trusty CIT Steven Most). Fencers could choose to either participate in beginners' classes or take individual lessons. Fencers could also choose to come to the shop and just hang out, where Huge Steve might demonstrate flat body extensions or entertain them with stories of Tonga the three-armed chimp and his steam-powered épée.

Epée and sabre were given equal emphasis with foil this year, and a fencing ladder in each weapon provided competition as well as additional excitement.

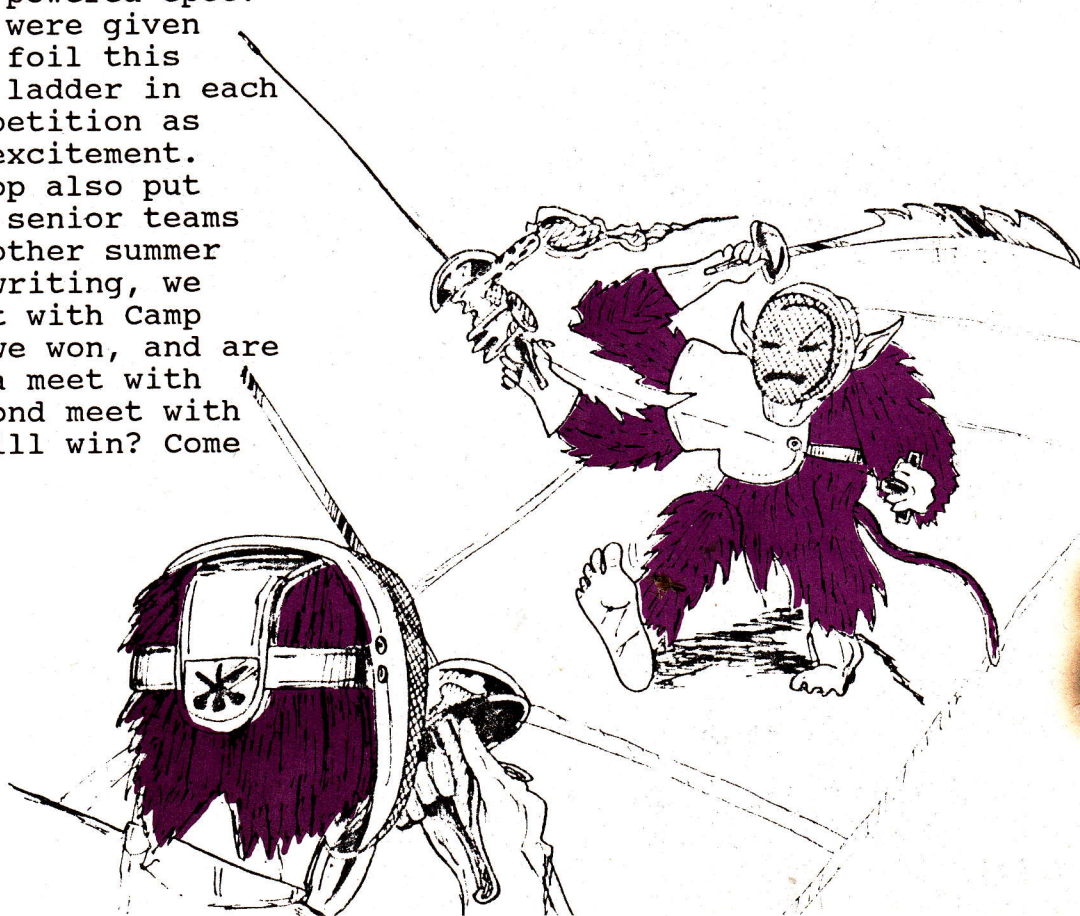
The Fencing Shop also put together junior and senior teams that competed with other summer camps. As of this writing, we have fenced one meet with Camp Kinder Ring, which we won, and are looking forward to a meet with Hillcroft and a second meet with Kinder Ring. Who will win? Come and see.



Brian Raft

Whether fencers were beginners wishing to learn the basics, novices wishing to expand their appreciation for the sport, or national champions just wanting to spar a bit, the fencing shop was, and still is, a fun place to be.

Steven Most and Amos Elberg





# Volleyball



Seth Gitner

Volleyball, that beach sport from California, has hit the East Coast and Buck's Rock. Most nights a group of people gather around and play a game of volleyball; I am one of them.

Ching, who also works in the computer lab, runs our humble but enjoyable volleyball program. He heads the nightly choose-'em-up games and also the girls' volleyball team. (I would like a boys' one too, but there wasn't one this year.)

The girls' team is smaller than some of the other teams they play. They have played two games this summer, but, unfortunately, this article was written before

the second one so I can only tell you about the first one.

In their match against the sports camp Kinder Ring, they won the first game but lost the last two. The other team had more players, and so in the hot July sun they grew less tired. We better get a recruiting department.

All in all, it has been a good year for volleyball, though some of the English counselors confuse it with soccer and try to kick the ball over the net.

Well, that was volleyball '89. "Service!"

Jason Goldstein



## Stables

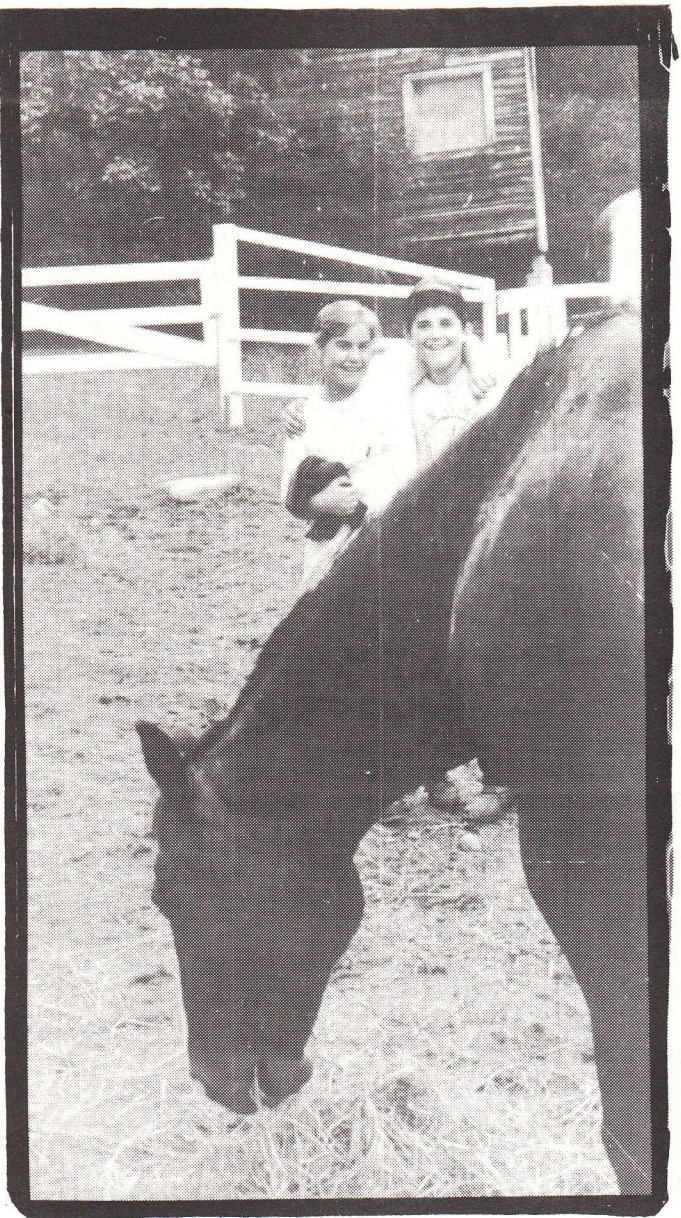
Hay! (Bad pun) What is the only shop where you can see flying manure and jumping in the school? The stables, of course!

Enter the world where sweet aromas welcome you to join in the fun. There are two nutty counselors, Kerry and Kathy, and six horses, all of whom have their own personalities.

A usual day consists of lessons in the school, which are quite a trip, between Kerry with her demonstrations and Kathy with her jokes. In these classes, you learn to handle and control (ha!) the horses at different levels. Then, in the afternoons, we go for relaxing trail rides or picnic rides. The latter is our excuse for galloping, gossiping, and gorging (which Bo tries to help with also)!

Sometimes, instead of a lesson or trail ride, we go onto the soccer field and canter, or we play horsetag, which is freeze tag on horseback.

In addition to riding, we can help out with the stable work, which is harder than it sounds! All that tacking up--putting the heavy saddle and bridle on before



riding--and care of the horses takes hard work and dedication, which Kerry, Kathy, Andrew and I all give daily.

Even if you haven't ridden this summer, there are still many more summers left to discover. Hope to see you next year joining in the fun at the Stables.

Jennifer Harper

Amy Tuckett





## Soccer

Many campers played soccer quite avidly this summer. Recreational games were played every evening at 7:00. With the friendly, relaxed atmosphere and cooler temperatures, it was a pleasure to just come down to the pitch and join in the game.

Soccer, the most popular game in the world, had quite an international flavor. There were players from Britain, Colombia, Brazil, France, and the USA!—and many different styles were seen.

Several really great things happened down at the soccer pitch: Great friendships were made, and many girls as well as boys played regularly! Also, everyone gained experience and knowledge of

strategy and rules---the tricks of the trade! Clinics and individual coaching were given during the day for that purpose as well.

All our games were organized under the kind, witty but firm coaching of Graham Hey from England.

Although we had excellent performances, we were unlucky to lose against Kenwood, a sports camp. It was a difficult game due to the intense heat and it was shortened from an hour to half an hour. Therefore, we didn't have enough time to show our stuff. Funny enough, after the game it started to become cooler! We are looking forward to more of these games.

August 7  
Boys under 16 TOURNAMENT at Camp Wah-nee

August 8  
Girls under 16 vs.  
Deleware HOME

August 9  
Co-ed 12/13 year olds vs.  
Hillcroft HOME

At press time some of these scores were not yet in, but to be sure Buck's Rock played valiantly and had a good time and won them!

Allegra Boverman



Seth Gitner



## The Watermelon League: Softball

As another Buck's Rock season draws to a close, so does the action of the Watermelon League.

Many campers have assumed that the names of this year's Watermelon teams are in Latin. Actually, the names are words which have had their letters scrambled. Unscramble these anagrams, and you will discover familiar places and happenings at Buck's Rock.

The names: Ram Eccis  
Contil I Pubas  
Toras Coditus  
Soph Virles  
Notim Cumo Canis  
Lepis Cent Aves

In my life I have played many different games of baseball and softball, but I've never found a game quite like the Watermelon League here at Buck's Rock.

The League is composed of three different kinds of players. For the serious player, it can be very competitive. For the players that don't really care about winning, it can simply be a good time. And finally, for the players who can't play very well, the Watermelon League is perfect.

Jeff Samuels



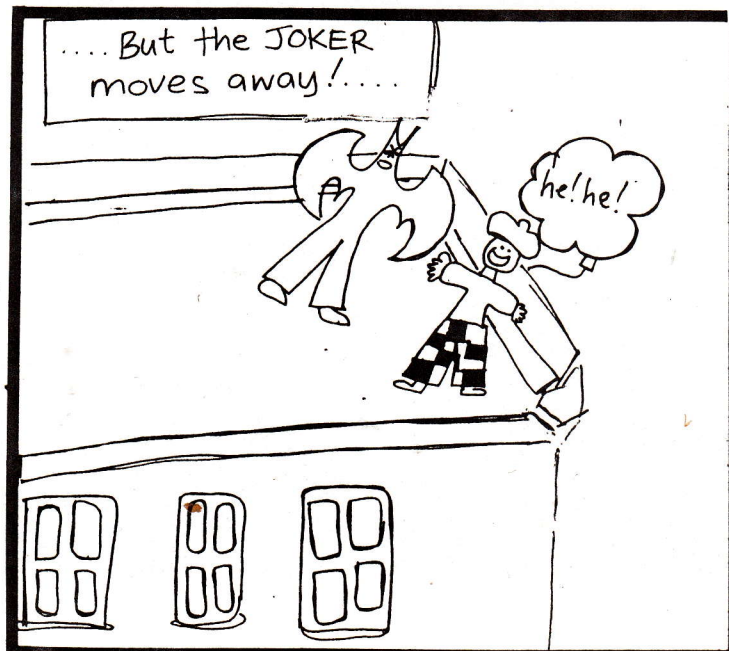
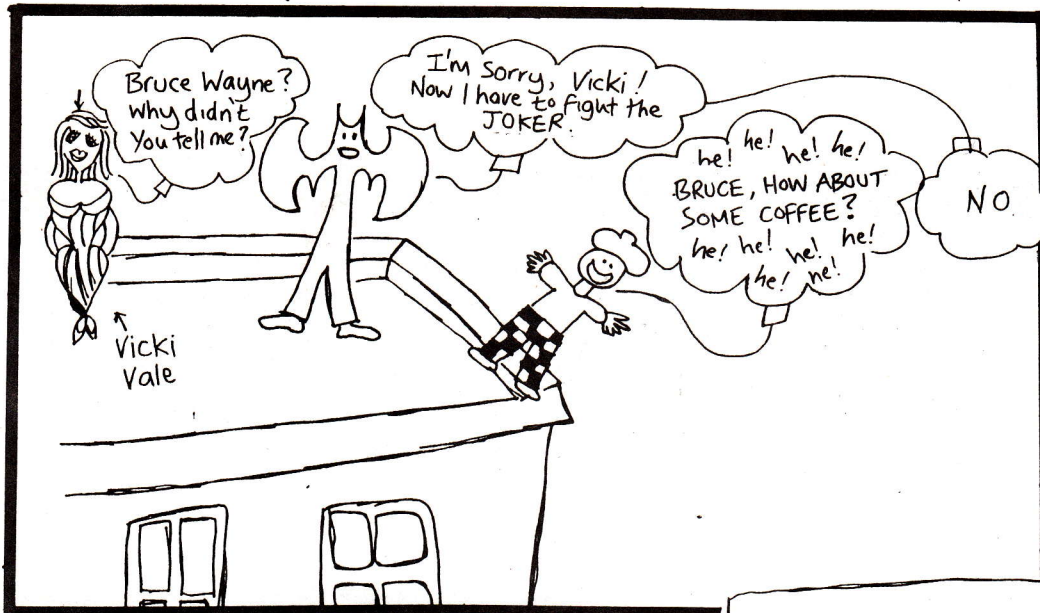
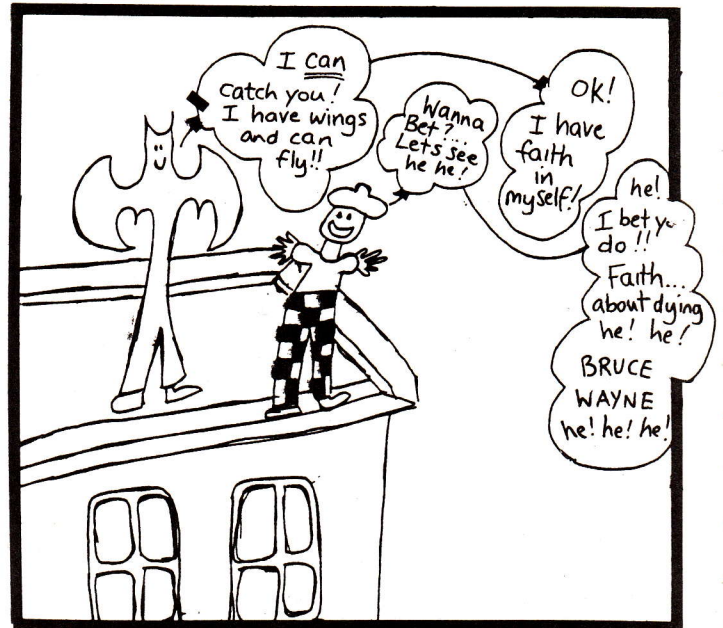
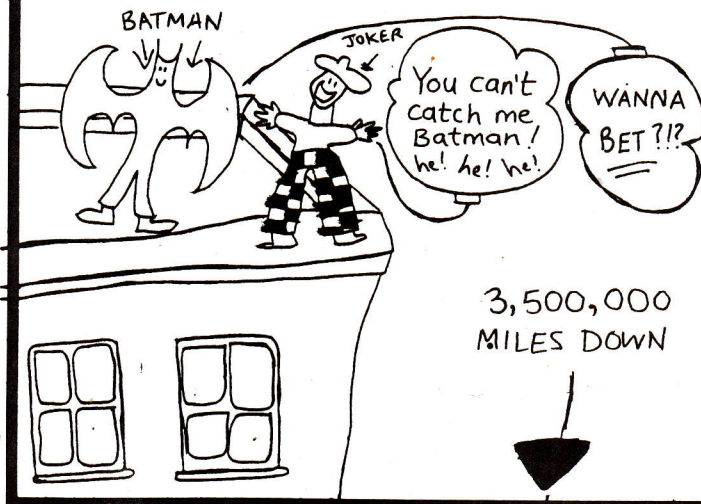
Yoram Greenburg



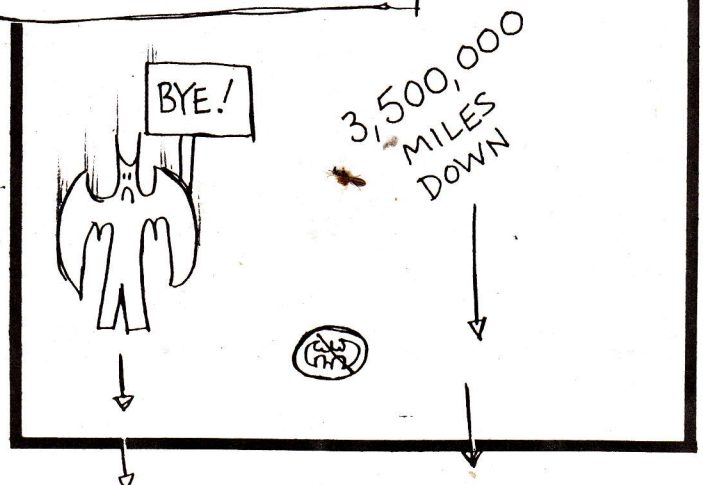
# BATMAN

The Other Way  
Around.

by  
Joelle Yudin.



BYE BYE  
BATMAN!





# CAMP LIFE

When I carefully consider the curious habits of dogs  
I am compelled to conclude  
that man is the superior animal

When I consider the curious habits of man,  
I confess my friend, I am puzzled.

Ezra Pound



When I carefully examined the curious habits of dogs

I am surprised to conclude

that man is the wisest animal

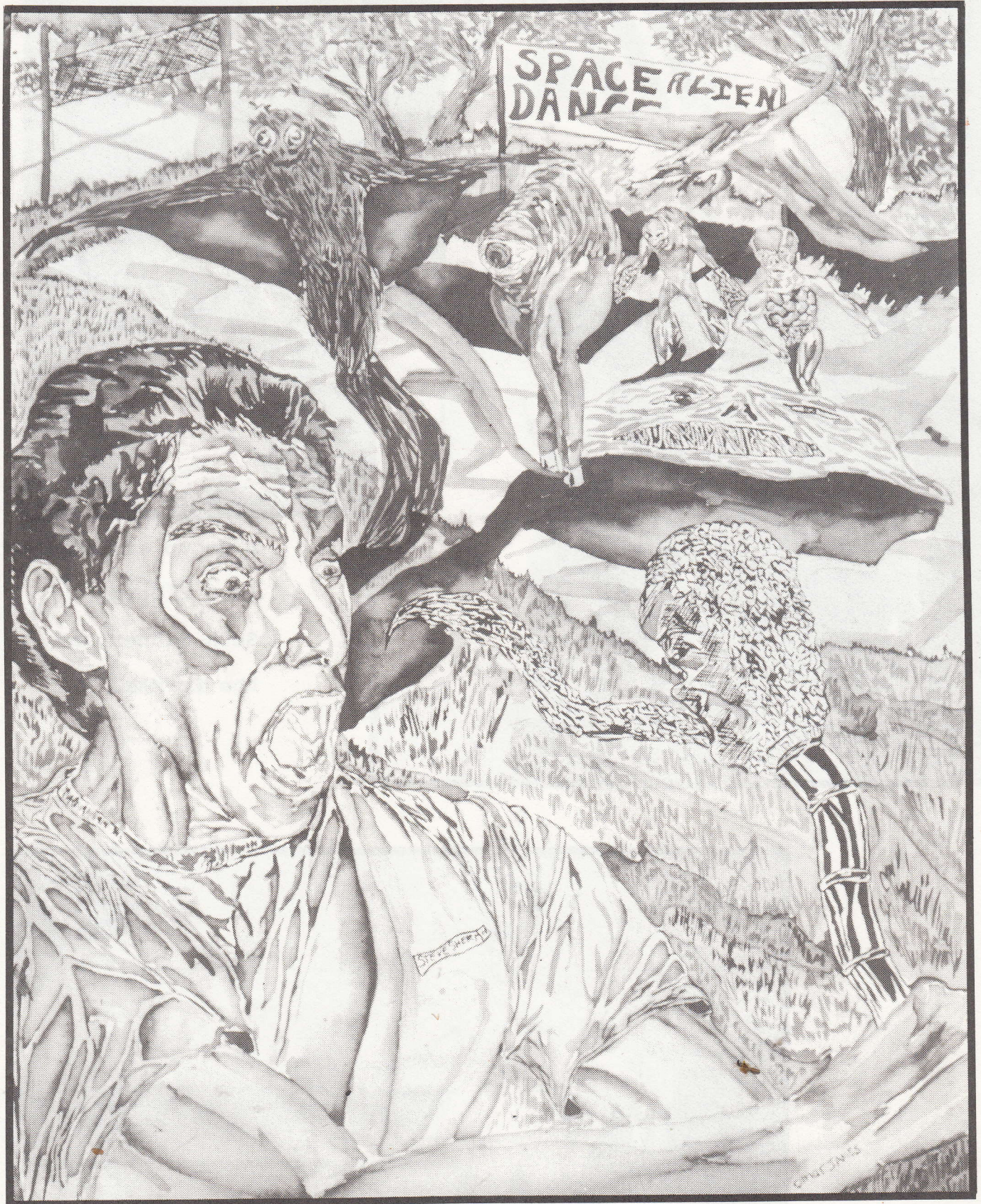
When I examine the various habits of man

I confess my mind is much puzzled

Extra Point



## Evening Activities With Steve Sherman



By Omar James



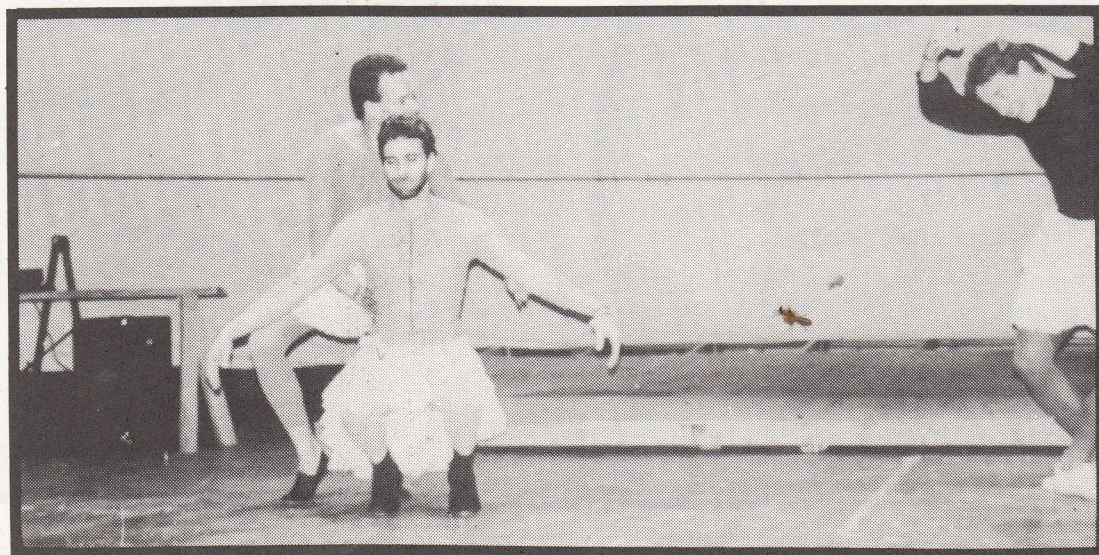
Jesse Salber



Evening Activities With



A group effort by  
Amos Elberg,  
Seth Gitner and  
the Ez-MAN.





## *Ripped, Plaid Shorts*



I counted the weeks from last summer to the first day of school. I counted the days from the first day of school until the last day. I counted the hours from the first day of summer to the first day of camp. And now I count the memories from the first day of camp through the last.

Buck's Rock. What an experience! At times you think you'll never come back. The food is inedible, the shops get too familiar, and the people...well, you know you can't be friends with everyone! So what is it that makes me so sure I'll return? The atmosphere, the experience.

The fact that you can be free and wild here and still handle responsibility. Yes, being away from the parents for a month or two does add to the fun, but that's not it. It's not that Buck's Rock is the only time you can wear that torn, scummy, four-year-old brown T-shirt and those ripped, plaid shorts. But it's the fact that at Buck's Rock you get to experiment, broaden your horizons, meet new people, and still keep the old friendships which you hold so dear.

It always seems that no matter where you come from or how long you stay at camp, the friendships you make will be everlasting. That's the reason the Buck's Rock experience goes forgotten.

Nancy Lainer



## CIT Article

"We said we'd all go down together"

- Billy Joel, Goodnight Saigon

The first Monday night on the tennis court...ice cream...who are all these people?...Bob??...the tubing trip - canceled...the tubing trip - canceled again...serving - aaaggghhhh...Bastille night and day - we didn't sleep on the lawn this time, we danced/red shirts/the hokey pokey/the Sybil tree/we captured the flag...CITs in every event, it seemed, and other CITs in the front rows cheering...we never really lost volleyball and soccer; the other team just came in next to last...more ice cream on the tennis courts. It had a lot more meaning this time...snack. With no spoons for the pure grape jelly...tubing (third attempt) - we finally went. Hot. Wet. Name one person who remained in his tube the whole way...Boston. By bus. By van. The Ben & Fred show. Lobsters at Rockport. The beach with creative sand sculptures. The lovely Suisse Chalet. Harvard. Shopping. JFK. Boring. Quincy Market. Food. More food. Whips...stuff we did...stuff on stage...the nightly announcement of remaining percentages...stargazing...last minute stuff...tennis courts again - no ice cream this time, but it didn't matter...we said we'd all go down together, and we did. We love Ed, Erica, Sally, Doug, Angus, Aaron, Fred.

Shana R. Hack





# ***The Fourth of July***

This is the Fourth of July, the day to commemorate the start of the United States as an independent nation.

The Declaration of Independence contains the ringing words: We hold these truths to be self evident that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. It is well to remember these words. It is also well to remember that this Declaration was conceived in ambiguity and contradiction. The very men who spoke of Liberty owned slaves, who spoke of the Pursuit of Happiness remained often unaware of the unhappiness of those around them.

The country, through the efforts of its citizens has worked hard to overcome the discrepancies between words and deeds, between intentions and reality. The country has come a long way. But we still have a long way to go, with the outcome uncertain.

America the beautiful. Yes, it is a beautiful country. But remember, it is not beautiful for everybody, it is not beautiful for those who live in Harlem and all the many other ghettos, who live in rat-infested welfare hotels. The spacious skies. Yes, they are spacious if they are not releasing acid rain on our forests, if they shall not be populated by space platforms armed with atomic weapons, ready to destroy all life. Purple mountains' majesty. Yes if they are not obscured by the pollution that our automobiles, our factories release into the air. From sea to shining sea, if their beaches are not closed, littered by the garbage we are dumping into them. The fruited plains. Yes, if the fruit is not poisoned by our pesticides. The amber waves of grain. Yes, true, but it is also true that we have to pay the farmers to let their lands lie fallow whilst millions in Africa die of starvation.

Democracy: As long as there is corruption in the agencies of our federal, state and city governments, we cannot lightheartedly celebrate. As long as there is poverty and inequality, we cannot be content. As long as there is abuse of power, as long as a presidential campaign can be won by insulting a rival by untrue accusations, with innuendos or outright lies, we cannot be satisfied. As long as there are wars all over the world - there has been one war or another since the start of the century - and as long as they are fought with the weapons that richer nations provide in their greed to do business, as long as we cannot deny that our country, too, belongs to the league of the merchants of death, we should suffer from bad dreams.

And what about education. As long as young people support murderous mafias by buying their drug products, as long as young people are encouraged to be violent by what they learn in their classrooms, over television, through the media, we should ask ourselves questions. As long as people, young or old, think that they can improve their




minds or allay their fears by taking drugs, legal or illegal, we may well wonder.

As long as we have not learned to call the Fourth of July the Day of Independence, but celebrate it as the Day of Dependence, since we are dependent on each other, since all countries, whatever their flags, are dependent on each other, we remain blind to the realities of our world. Independence. We depend on each other. But we also want to be independent as individuals, to learn to be able to depend on ourselves as individuals. It is not easy. There are forces within ourselves that we have to learn to control. It is well that we support all efforts to eliminate pollution of the air, of our rivers, of the sea, of our whole environment.

But there can also be pollution within ourselves, pollution of the heart, pollution of the mind. These pollutions can only be controlled, can only be remedied by us as individuals. If we are to trust each other, we have to become trustworthy. If we are to believe in each other, we have to strive to be honest. If we are to help each other, we have to learn to be kind and friendly and considerate. As we celebrate the achievements of the nation and remain conscious of the tasks ahead, we have to remember that the more difficult task is a personal one. It entails work on ourselves, each for him or herself, difficult but very rewarding. We have to remember that a nation is composed of individuals. The nation is no better than the individual members who form the nation.

Is it too grim a picture? It need not be. It should not be. You may belong to a generation that continues to take steps toward a new Fourth of July. Young people can be very strong. It was young people who through their efforts put an end to the Vietnam War, an unjust, indefensible war. It will probably be young people who can say we have continued to right what is wrong, to straighten out what is crooked, to establish true justice for the whole world, who will make "Peace on Earth" more than a Christmas Wish, soon to be forgotten. Who knows? You may be part of just such a generation. You won't be fully successful. But you may take steps and you may find that the reward can lie in the attempt. You may be part of a generation who will make such attempts. I wish you well. I hope that you can begin to look forward to a Fourth of July that can be celebrated without doubts, heartfelt, with confidence and pride.





## Buck's Rock Bowl

"Okay," said Ezra, the bowl host, looking up from the card, "For ten points, sing the first verse from the Monty Python Lumberjack Song."

As I sat there trying to remember how the song went, a buzzer went off.

"Pub?" Ezra called out.

We looked at one another nervously, wondering who rang in. Mustering up the little courage I had, I opened my mouth, and from one of the dark recesses of my mind, a series of lyrics came pouring out.

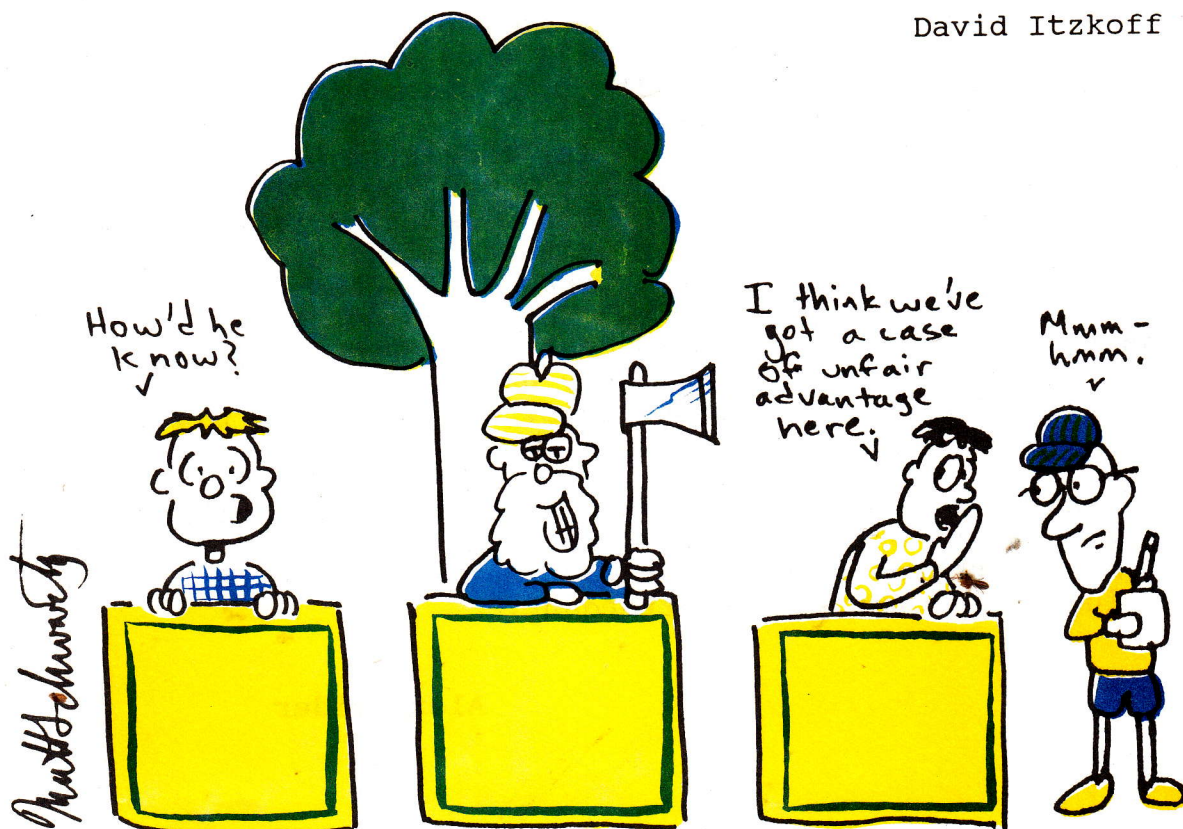
"I'm a lumberjack  
and I'm okay.  
I work all night  
and I sleep all day."

The audience groaned as Ezra said, "Sorry. Close, but no cigar. Other teams?"

Apparently, either not one of the teams was paying attention, or no one but the audience had caught my error, and as a result, the question went unanswered.

Buck's Rock Bowl isn't actually that chaotic, although some incidents like this one did happen. (In one game, no one could provide the date on which Pearl Harbor was bombed.) Actually, if you keep your wits about you, Buck's Rock Bowl can be very exciting, as well as fun, even if you wind up with zero points at the end of the wager round.

David Itzkoff





## The Importance of being Guard no. 2

Second Guard. A title with importance. A title which commands respect. A title which most people quickly pass over as they read the program for the play and see that there are actually three guards and not one. They, of course, assume that the first guard is the most important and that the second and third guard don't have much to do except follow the first guard blindly. But the second guard, ah, the second guard is more important than you think.

Where would the first or the third guard be without the second? They would only be free floating entities swimming in an endless sea of actors. The second guard serves as a link in the chain, a voice of moderation between one and three. Please don't think I'm being sarcastic. I'm not. I'm perfectly serious. To me, being the second guard in the Summer Theater production of Antigone was a great experience. It gave me a chance to explore a different kind of role and to be a part of a play as a whole. Of course, many parts in Antigone were bigger than others, and more important than others, but that didn't matter to me.

When I first saw the cast list for Antigone I was really excited. My name was actually on the list! But, like any power hungry, greedy person, I felt disappointed because I was only guard number two. I soon learned, though, that no matter how small the part is, or how unimportant it may seem, it is always needed. No, the director did not sit me down and tell me this; I learned it for myself.

I had been sick for a number of days and I had missed quite a few rehearsals. It wasn't the end of the world for me, but I still really wanted to be there. Anyway, one of those times I was sick I felt well enough to just watch the rehearsal and not be in it. The play seemed to go pretty smoothly and it looked fine.

Finally, when it was time for the first, second, and third guards to enter, I saw that I had been wrong. They acted perfectly, but something was missing. I know, I know, you can probably guess by now what was missing, so I needn't tell you. I just felt great. I knew I was needed.

So, for all you people out there who get really disappointed because the name of the role you play has a number in it, or because you only have three lines to say--don't feel bad. Just remember this: some day that big part will come along and when it does, you do your best to fill it.

And hey! Guess what! I just tried out for A Midsummer Night's Dream! When I saw the cast list I couldn't believe it! At the bottom of the list was that role I've been waiting for: "Other Court Attendant."

Alex Weider



# Hiroshima

It is well that we should remember Hiroshima. It is well that we pledge ourselves to work for a world where such utter destruction cannot occur. It is well to remember that we are not alone in our efforts, that thousands and thousands of people, young and old, all over the world in many countries, join hands in a common endeavor: "Not ever again! Not ever another Hiroshima or Nagasaki!"

But in all this, we should remember that ever since the bomb was dropped, there has not been one moment when wars were not raging. In fact, right now, wars are being fought, as they have been fought, with as many dead and wounded and maimed, deprived and starving, as the victims of the bomb. And what is more, many of these wars are fought with weapons that our country and other countries have permitted to be supplied to warring nations. It is also important to remember that, at this moment, our country and other countries are busy at work to develop new weapons, new machines of destruction, more powerful, more devastating than the atomic bomb. We sell weapons--often in a round about way. We call it proliferation. We don't like it; we know the implications, but we don't know what to do about it. There is money in it and we know that the desire for money is universal. We speak of free enterprise, but we do not yet know how to control that either so that it may eventually benefit all humankind. All of this is carried out with the silent or open consent of all of us who are paying for the manufacture of these weapons, now or in the future, often without being aware of what we are doing and without protesting the spending of our assets in this way. We give a lot of thought to these destructive efforts. In our laboratories and universities--not only in this country but all over the world--a lot of thought is given to these destructive and dangerous efforts, with inventions following new inventions. But not enough thought is given to finding ways to solve conflicts between nations without resorting to wars, to violence and destruction.

We are not sufficiently aware that these efforts have to be made by everybody, individually also. A great Persian philosopher, who lived five hundred years before the birth of Christ, Zoroaster Zarathustra, saw the world divided between two principles: the principle of life, creativity, understanding, and compassion, of all that is good, represented by Ahura Mazda, The Wise Lord, and the principle of death, of destruction, of violence, of all that is not good, which he named Ahriman, the Evil Spirit. And Zoroaster taught that every time one person finds a way to do something that is right or good, he or she strengthens the forces of Ahura Mazda on earth. Every time by commission or omissions, the opposite is done, it adds to the forces of Ahriman, the forces of evil in this world.

On this day, when we vow to help abolish all wars and all weapons to wage wars, we should also vow, each one of us, to strengthen the forces of Ahura Mazda within ourselves, and to defeat the forces of Ahriman, by doing



what we consider right, by trying to solve our conflicts not by angry acts of force or violence, but by the peaceful way of persuasion. The way to abolish wars begins within ourselves. It begins there, but it should not end there; that is what our candlelight procession symbolized.

*Ernst*



Aurelia Caillarec



# Can You Say 'Adobe?'

What do you think about when you hear the word "adobe"?

- A) A Mexican jumping bean
- B) A herd of llamas
- C) The main ingredient in last night's dinner
- D) A house made of mud

Who do you think would make an adobe?

- A) The tooth fairy
- B) Your Aunt Esther from Miami
- C) Native American Indians
- D) Dan Quayle on a rainy day

What do you use an adobe for? Where would you see an adobe?

- |                       |                         |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| A) To hold pictures   | A) At your local K-Mart |
| B) To live in         | B) In Iceland           |
| C) To hold ant-eaters | C) At Buck's Rock       |
| D) To dam rivers      | D) Under your bed       |

What is an adobe made of?

- A) Sugar, spice, and everything nice
- B) Earth, clay, and straw
- C) Old Buck's Rock birthday cakes
- D) All the vegetables you never ate at dinner

Buck's Rock learned the answers to these and other questions on Sunday, July 30, when Bolivian-born architect, Gustavo (Gus) Tejerino, visited the Ceramics Shop to head a workshop on adobe.

Much of the world, especially South and Central America, lives in adobe houses, but for many at Buck's Rock, our first introduction to adobe was this workshop. Gus showed slides of his work in rebuilding adobe houses in Mexico after the disastrous earthquake there, then led campers and counselors to dive feet-first (literally) into adobe mixing, squishing the mixture of earth, clay, straw, and water through their toes.

Some of the adobe was formed into bricks, left to dry in the sun. The rest was packed onto a framework of cord, twigs, and branches to form the walls of a three-sided structure, pegged together from branches gathered around the camp, on the slope overlooking the shop.

Work continued on the adobe house even after Gus left camp, and as this article is being written (in the shade of an adobe wall) the crew has just returned from the garden with more earth.

Oh, and the answers to the questions? D, C, B, C, B. But then you knew that, didn't you?

Naomi Cook  
Christina Fischer  
Sandra Platt



## The Gong

As I stood before the Gong one day, I realized that it was swaying in the breeze. I thought, if the Gong sways in a breeze, then maybe it could fall off again in a gust. I could just imagine the Gong rolling down the small knoll that it presently overlooks, uprooting a tree or squashing somebody as it goes, people scattering all around. And I could just imagine it crashing through the Canteen, once again. I could also imagine Lou announcing that there would be no water pressure and no showers for the remainder of the day, as the Gong had somehow managed to reach the water pumps and had rolled through them.

It suffices to say that I was able to rid myself of these thoughts. The Gong remains a pillar of everlasting strength and stability.

Josh Berson





# Canteen

Where else in camp are approximately 7,500 sodas sold per summer? What about an estimated 500 bags of popcorn? Or a reported number of 1,500 bags of chips? How do you explain the sale of close to 1,650 toiletries all summer long?

Why the CANTEEN of course! Have you ever wondered how much ice cream is sold in a boiling hot summer? According to Matt Sherman, co-head of the Canteen, about 4,500 ice cream treats were sold in the summer of 1989, and 6,000 candy items were also sold over the summer.

Have you wondered about what would happen if the Canteen did not sell all it's perishable items over the summer? According to Mr. Sherman, "Because Buck's Rock hibernates for the winter, our distributor buys back any unopened merchandise.

At the Canteen we just try to give people delicious items at a resonable price.

Sam Pocker







## About Food

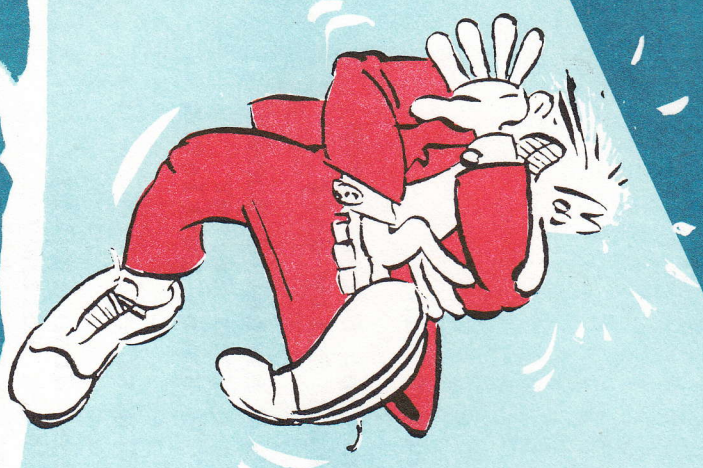
Alas, what various tastes in food  
 Diride the human brotherhood!  
 Birds in their little nests agree  
 with Chinamen, but not with me.  
 Colonials like their oysters hot,  
 their omelets heavy - I do not.  
 The French are fond of slugs and frogs,  
 the Siameze eat puppy dogs.  
 The Spaniard, I have heard it said,  
 eats garlic, by itself, on bread.  
 In Italy, the traveller notes  
 with great disgust, the flesh of goats  
 appearing on the table d'hotes:  
 and even this natives spoil  
 by frying it in rancid oil.  
 In Maryland they charge like sin  
 for nasty stuff called terrapin.  
 Even here at Buck's Rock when it's time to eat,  
 that is if you can find a seat.  
 We feed you 'till you want to die  
 on lasagna and beef and chicken pot pies.  
 And when you summon strength to cry,  
 "What else is there that I can try?"  
 C.I.T.'s stare at you in mild surprise,  
 and point to where the tuna lies,  
 providing you don't mind the flies.  
 I dare not ask abroad for tea,  
 no coffee drinker can dine with me:  
 and all the world is torn and rent  
 by varying views on nutriment.  
 But no matter where in the world you go,  
 through dessert heat, or blizzards an snow,  
 there's always one place that's easy to find,  
 usually of the 24 hour kind.  
 Yes, Uncle Ronnies is the place to be,  
 for a Big Mac, fries and a cup of tea.  
 Only..... I don't like hamburgers!



BUCKBILL

July 10, '89

# LIFE IN THE THEATRE



BUCK'S ROCK

a summer to discover

New Milford (CT)



# BUCKBILL

## Life In The Theatre

Directed by Doug Fogel  
Stage Manager: Amy Budd JC  
Technical Director: Bob Harper

The Good Doctor\*- Nina: Jessica Meyers  
Voice: Ethan Ubell

Scrambled Feet\*- David Sandford

Stage Door- Terry: Heather Rosen  
Kaye: Molly Small  
Jude: Melissa Schaefer

The Dresser- Her Ladyship: Hilary Kaufman  
Norman: Alex Weider  
Madge: Jen Michel

Fifteen Minutes- Moira: Nicole Hanrahan  
Stage Manager: Josh Lustig

Noises Off- Doty: Nina Wolarsky  
Lloyd: Jed Silverstein  
Gerry: Ethan Ubell  
Brooke: Emily McNamara  
Tim: Kirk Whitney

\*-Directed by Amy Budd JC

Special Thanks to:

Lou and Dan Simon, Ginny Mason, Ernst Bulova, Kate Harper, Alice Forrester, and The People of LSD, Pub, and Set Design.

## Cast:

'Dentity Crisis- Rebecca Rosin

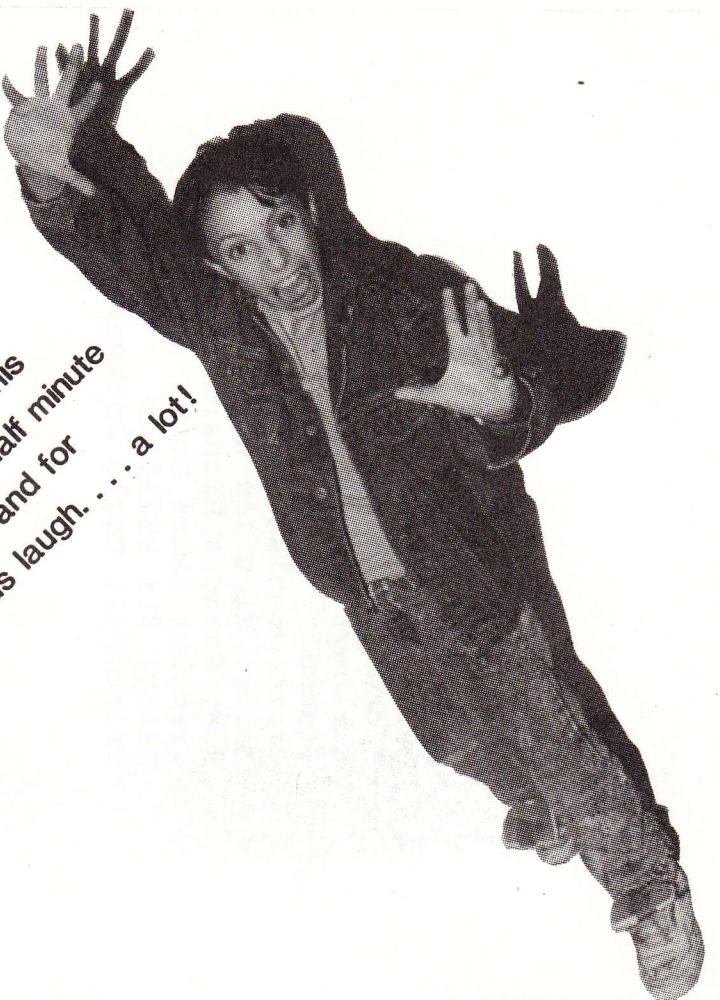
Miss Firecracker- Carnelle: Sarah Borch  
Popeye: Sally Neff

Senior Square- Rochelle: Michelle Rones  
Dana Snider  
Sarah Tuttleton

Audition- Michelle Gittelsohn

Enter Laughing- Marlowe: Josh Lustig  
Pike: Kirk Whitney  
Angela: Serena Silver  
Don Coleman: Alex Weider  
Don Baxter: David Sandford





Thanks to Sam Pocker for his  
Amazing one and a half minute  
cover designs and for  
making us laugh. . . . a lot!

## BUCK'S ROCK

a summer to discover

New Milford (CT)

TELEPHONE TELEPHONE

THIS PHONE  
BOOTH IS  
ABOUT TO  
CHANGE 2  
BOYS LIVES  
FOREVER

**Buck**  
*Excellent*  
**Rock's ADVENTURE**



BUCK AND ROCK'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE

Directed by Alice Forrester  
Sets by Robert Alan Harper  
Lighting design: Ted Koski  
Sound design: Eileen Tague, Merlin Thompson,  
Larry Levine C.I.T., and  
Luke Miller C.I.T.  
Costume design: Helen Skillicorn  
Costume shop: Debbie Gamble, Julia Collins,  
and Joanne Hall  
Master electrician: Andrew Rosin

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Buck: Charlie McWade  
Rock: Casey Masback  
Tony Award Presenter/Masha (The Three Sisters): Liz Zindel  
Creature From Outer Space (CFOS):  
Alison Grogins  
Teacher: Oriana Fox  
Oedipus: Leah Reisman  
Romeo: Jason Mann  
Juliet: Jessica Bernstein  
The Three Sisters-  
Olga: Katie Gleason  
Irina: Allegra Baider  
Cat on a Hot Tin Roof-  
Maggie: Katherine Powell  
Brick: Jeremy Tiefenbrun  
Waiting for Godot-  
Estragon: Amanda Stein  
Vladimir: Liz Stein

The Fantasticks-  
El Gallo: Rikki Bishop  
Luisa: Jen Greenbaum  
Matt: Matt Wolfe  
Huckelbee: Jason Mann  
Bellomy: Noah Tarnow  
Grease-  
Rizzo: Denise Meyerson  
Marty: Michelle Holland  
Jan: Vanessa Richards  
Frenchy: Laura Goetz  
Sandy: Kim Phillips  
Principal: Doyle Rockwell

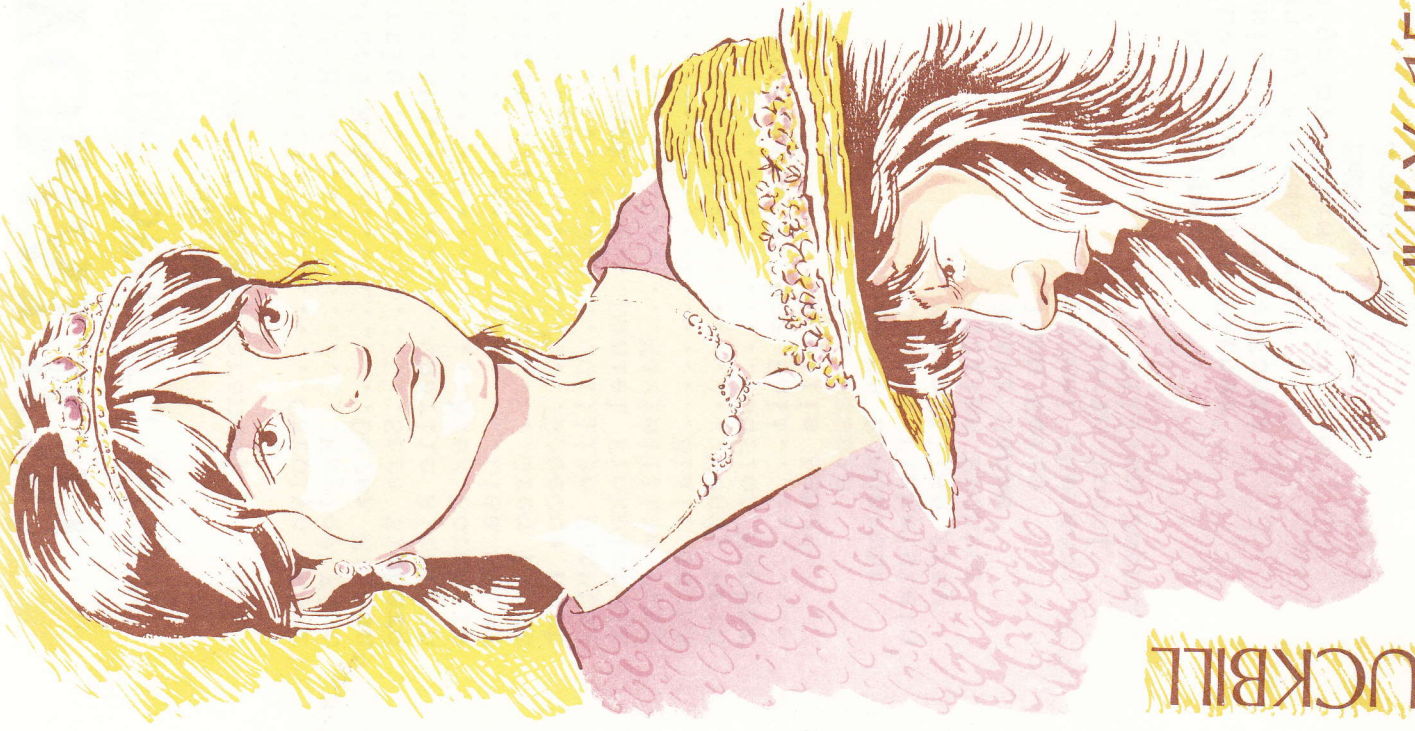
SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Hansen Bergami, Kate and Bob  
Harper, Doug Fogel for writing  
support, Amy Budd, Lou Simon,  
Aaron Watkins, Sam Pocker for  
the cover design, Wrinkles, and  
the excellent Pub Shop.

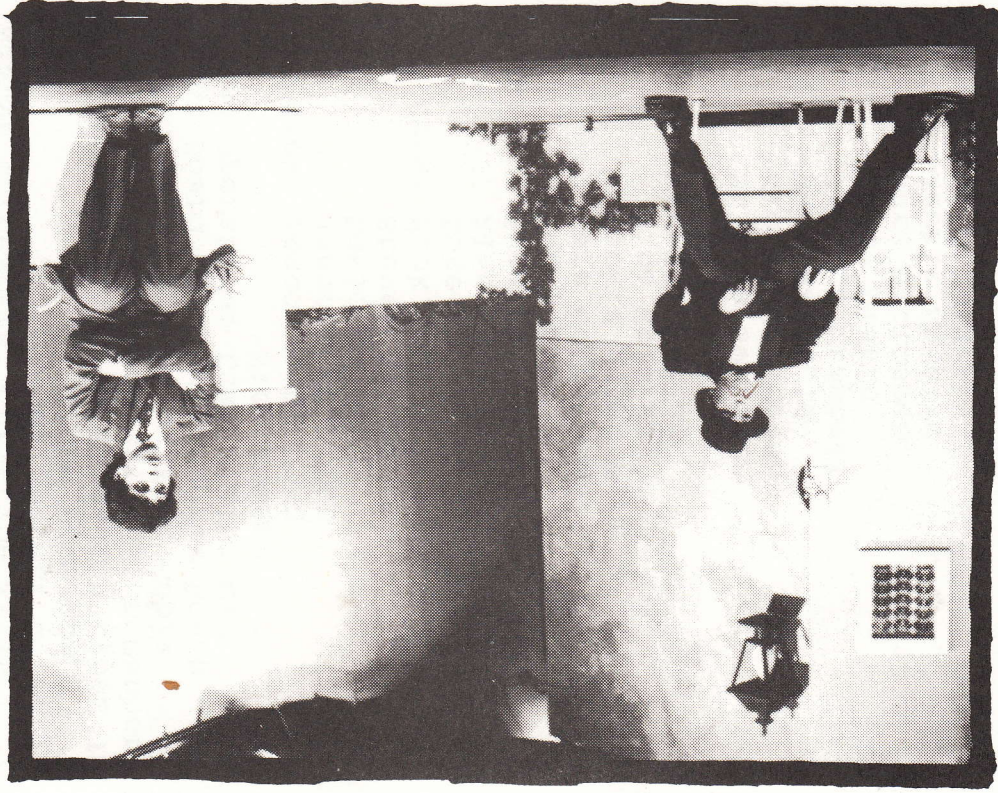


# PYGMALION

JULY 15 1989



BUCKBILL



Buck's Rock  
New Milford,  
Connecticut  
06776



# PYGMALION

by George Bernard Shaw

THE CAST  
(in order of appearance)

Clara Eynsford-Hill.....Carolyn Bauer  
Mrs. Eynsford-Hill.....Hayley Finn  
Freddy Eynsford-Hill.....Derek Milman  
Eliza Doolittle.....Sara Zimbard  
Colonel Pickering.....Charlie Alterman  
Henry Higgins.....Alex Korahais  
Mrs. Pearce.....Lisa Sklar  
Alfred Doolittle.....Greg Licht  
Mrs. Higgins.....Rebecca Hart  
Parlormaid.....Gillian Pachter  
Professor Nepommuck.....Daniel Finkelstein  
Host.....Maximillian Frey  
Hostess.....Blair Sachs  
Footman.....Wendy Rein  
Butler.....Gurion Manber  
Bystanders and Guests at the Ball.....

Phyllis Asher  
Ari Bassin  
Jesse Bonderman  
Daniel Finkelstein  
Maximillian Frey  
Gillian Pachter  
Blair Sachs  
Josh Selig  
Rachel Sherman  
Valerie Tocci  
Violinist.....Gillian Pachter

Directed by Kate Harper  
Set Design by Robert Alan Harper  
Lighting Design by Theodore Koski  
Sound Design by Eileen Tague  
Costume Design by Julia L. Collins  
Debbie Gamble  
Joanne Hall  
Helen Skillicorn  
Master Electrician: Alan Steremberg CIT  
Sound Technician: Merlyn Thompson

Master Carpenters: Christine Ellis  
Christopher O'Leary  
Alden Peterson

Stage Manager: Sarah Elizabeth Lyons JC  
Assistant Stage Manager: Gurion Manber  
Ball Music Composed by Kurt Coble  
Light Board Operator: Andrew Rosin  
Sound Operators: Luke Miller CIT

Nick Joseph  
Set Crew: Jason Rothenberg  
Jason Baumgarten

David Goldson  
Steven Nissman

LSD Crew: Nick Joseph  
Luke Miller CIT  
Alan Steremberg CIT

Dressers: Jessica Campbell

Wendy Diskin  
Sara Gottesman  
Jackie Shapiro  
Nina Wolarsky

Makeup: Meredith Atlas

Julie Harris  
Melanie Swerdlic  
Kimako X. Trotman  
Dana Warfield  
Jessica Campbell  
Wendy Diskin  
Sara Gottesman  
Jackie Shapiro  
Nina Wolarsky

Director's Note: For Richard, who gave me  
the gift of language and freed me from my  
inner silence.

Special Thanks: Alice Forrester, Doug Fogel,  
Dick Nodell, Lou Simon, Bill Russo, The Pub  
Shop, and the Mushed.

Waltz Quartet: Jessica Meyer  
John Newsome  
Gillian Pachter  
Kimako X. Trotman

Setting: England in the early 1900s



## MUSIC SHED

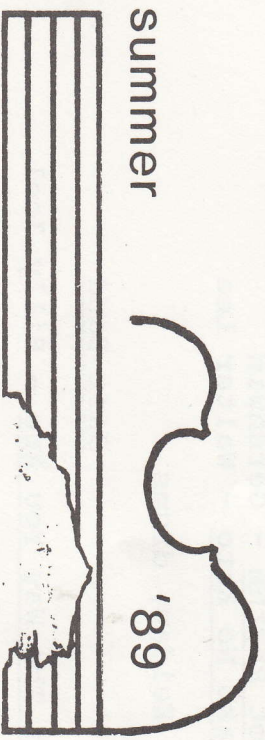
JULY 16



**BUCK'S ROCK**  
a summer to discover

# New Milford (CT)

summer



WSDS



MUSIC SHED CONCERT, JULY 16, 1989  
 The Buck's Rock Music Dept. proudly presents  
 Prof. Jascha Schmiedel and the  
 Buck's Rock Music Ensembles

### Orchestra

Air and Chorus - Jean-Baptiste Lully  
 Fitzwilliam Suite

1. Fortune, My Foe - William Byrd
2. Pavana - John Bull
3. A Toye - Giles Farnaby

String Quartet K.156 - W.A. Mozart

1. Presto
  2. Tempo di Menuetto
- Jamie Lester, violin  
 John Newsome, violin  
 Brett Kronewitter, viola  
 Elizabeth Stein, cello

### Jazz Band

Traces - Buie, Cobb, Gordy  
 Sweets - Sammy Nestico

### Improv Group

I Got Rhythm - Gershwin  
 Fusako No Koto - Walter Lee

Jon Keidan, drums

### Jazz Band

Just The Way You Are - Billy Joel

### Madrigal Group

O, Occhi, Manza Mia - Orlando di Lasso  
 Silver Swan - Orlando Gibbons

Sarah Cole, soprano  
 Beth Rubens, soprano  
 Erika L. Blumberg, alto  
 Kimako X. Trotman, tenor  
 John Newsome, bass

### Chorus

The Alphabet - W.A. Mozart  
 First Fruits of Bethlehem - Richard White  
 Pleasure Awaits Us - W.A. Mozart  
 Three Hungarian Folk Songs - Matyas Seiber

Erika L. Blumberg, accompanist  
 Jaime Lester, violin  
 Kurt Coble, violin  
 John Newsome, violin  
 Gillian Pachter, violin  
 Brett Kronewitter, viola  
 Leo Grinhauz, cello

The Typewriter - Leroy Anderson  
 (featuring Mike Hammer on Typewriter)  
 Slavonic Dance No. 8 - Antonin Dvorak  
 The Muppet Medley - Kermit D. Frog, Arranger

Jazz Band  
 Walter Lee, Director

Richard Sobel, clarinet  
 Cheryl Hill, tenor sax  
 Ben Rosenberg, alto sax  
 Jeff Tano, trumpet  
 Sylvie Kinnear, trumpet  
 Richard White, trumpet  
 Joshua Trauner, trombone  
 Jeff Samuels, trombone  
 Morten Lind, guitar  
 Chris Sanborn, bass  
 Kimako X. Trotman, piano  
 Erika L. Blumberg, piano  
 Erik Jorgensen, drums

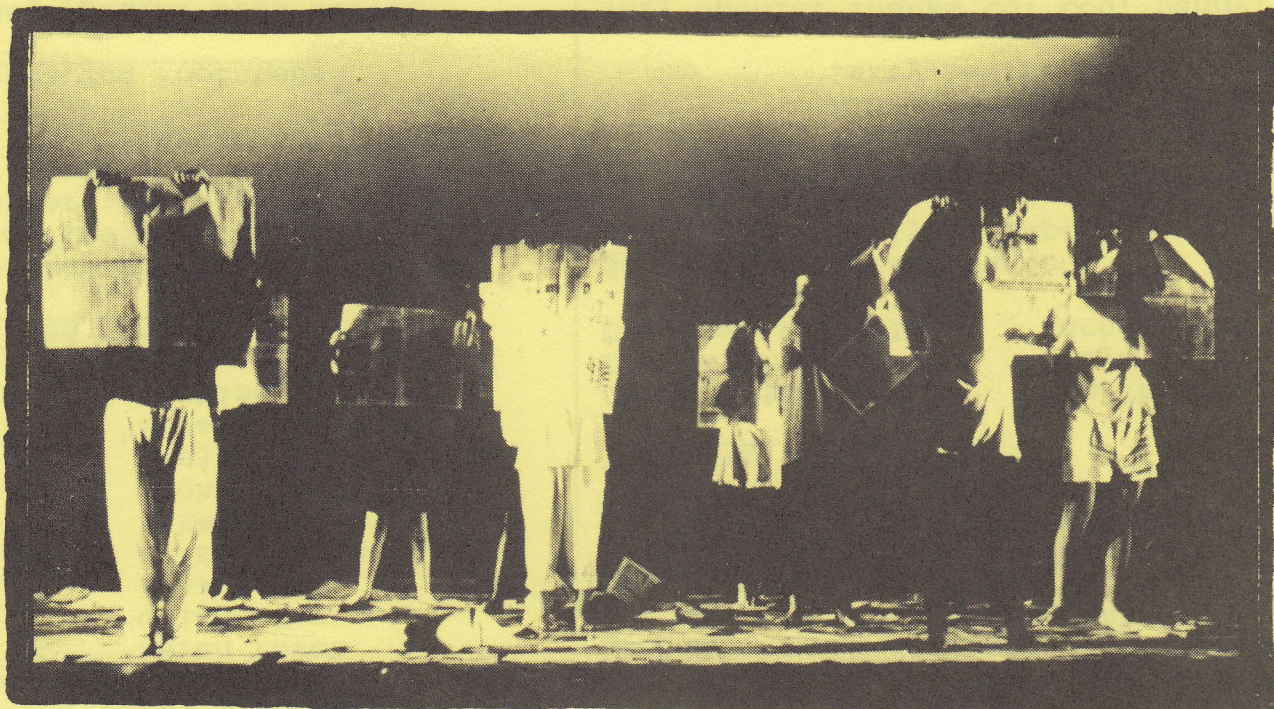
Orchestra  
 Richard White, Conductor/Music Director

Violins  
 Jaime Lester  
 John Newsome, JC  
 Michael Hammer  
 Kurt Coble, staff  
 Gillian Pachter  
 Josh Seelig

Viola  
 Brett Kronewitter staff

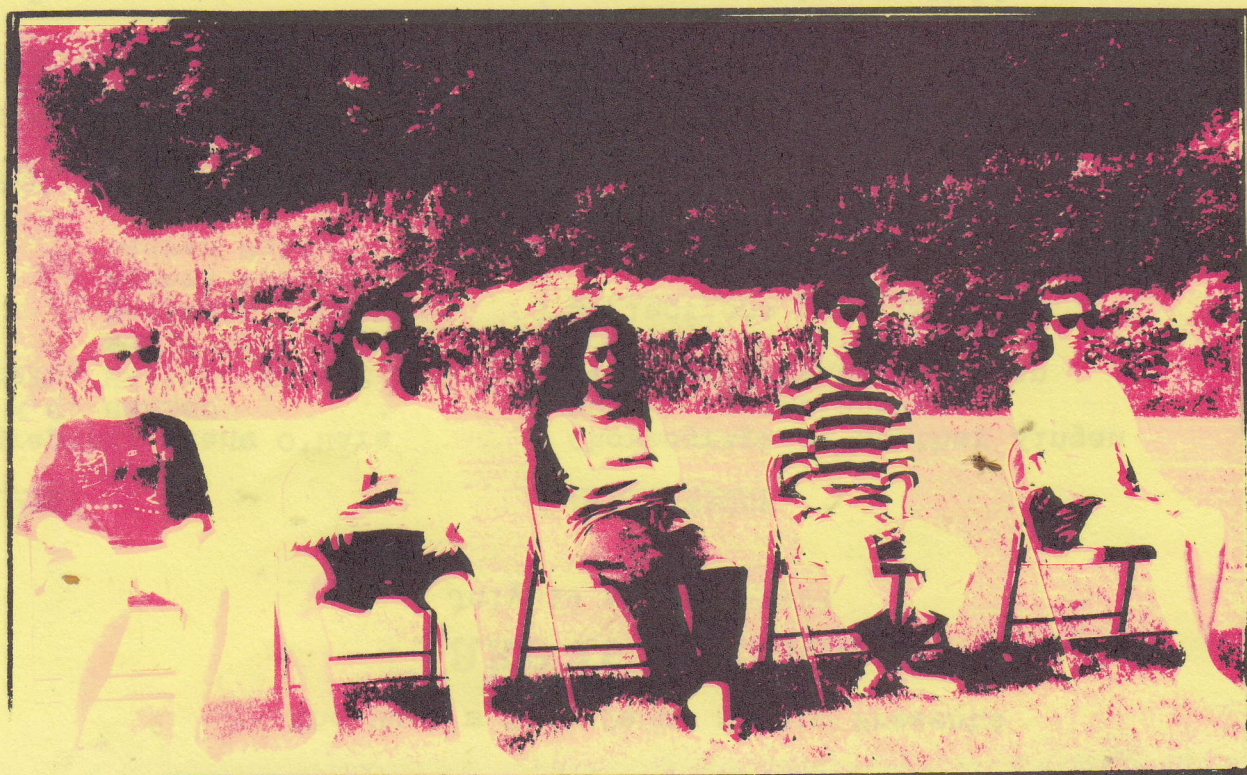
Cello  
 Elizabeth Stein, CIT  
 Kimako X. Trotman, JC  
 Leo Grinhauz, staff





DANCE NIGHT '89

## *Take it Outside '89*





# Take It Outside

July 19 and 20, 1989

## Black Widow

Choreographer: Heather Kingan  
Music: Laurie Anderson  
Performer: Heather Kingan

## Reflections of a Toadfish

An Improv of Sorts  
Performers: Carolyn Albel  
Addie Male  
Katharine Powell  
Lisa Rabinowitz  
Benjamin Schachter  
Rachel Sherman  
Rachel Slater  
Lauren Wolfe

## To the Point

Choreographer: Lisa Wittner  
Music: Bobby McFerrin  
Performers: Meredith Krantz  
Addie Male  
Nadine Robins  
Margot Schulman  
Rachel Slater  
Alison Speert  
Lauren Wolfe

Without the energy and dedication of our dancers, we would not be able to express our feelings and thoughts, for that is what is behind every movement. They have taken a big step in dance, and we thank them.

## The Dance Staff

Shane O'Hara  
Lisa Wittner  
Carolyn Albel CIT  
Tom Thayer  
Dilys Price  
Rachel Slater CIT  
Sound Crew: Eileen Tague  
Merlyn Thompson  
Nick Joseph  
Luke Miller CIT  
Theodore Koski  
Alan Steremberg CIT  
Larry Levine CIT

Very Special Thanks to: Lou, Danny, Ginny, Christopher O'Leary, The Costume Shop, the kitchen staff, Pub Shop, Silkscreen, Photo, the octagon, and Wrinkles.

## Take a Seat

Choreographer: Shane O'Hara  
Music: M.C. Hammer  
Performers: Heather Kingan  
Addie Male  
Benjamin Schachter  
Rachel Slater  
Lauren Wolfe

## Sail Away

Choreographer: Debbie Joel  
Music: Enya  
Performer: Debbie Joel

## Company B

Choreographer: Dorothy Harding  
Music: Andrews Sisters  
Performer: Carolyn Albel

## Artistic License

Choreographer: Erica Babad-White  
and the Company  
Director: Erica Babad-White  
Performers: Amara Baumgarten  
Sarah Borch  
Oriana Fox  
Dina Gould  
Chloe Grimschaw  
Mike Hammer  
Rachel Korowitz  
Benjamin Schachter  
Samara Sussman  
Martine Zilversmit

## Up a Road Slowly

Choreographer: Tom Thayer  
Music: Vladimir Cosma  
Performers: Carolyn Albel  
Nadine Robins  
Margot Schulman

## Disappearing Footsteps

Choreographers: Olga Berest  
Music: Enya  
Performer: Addie Male

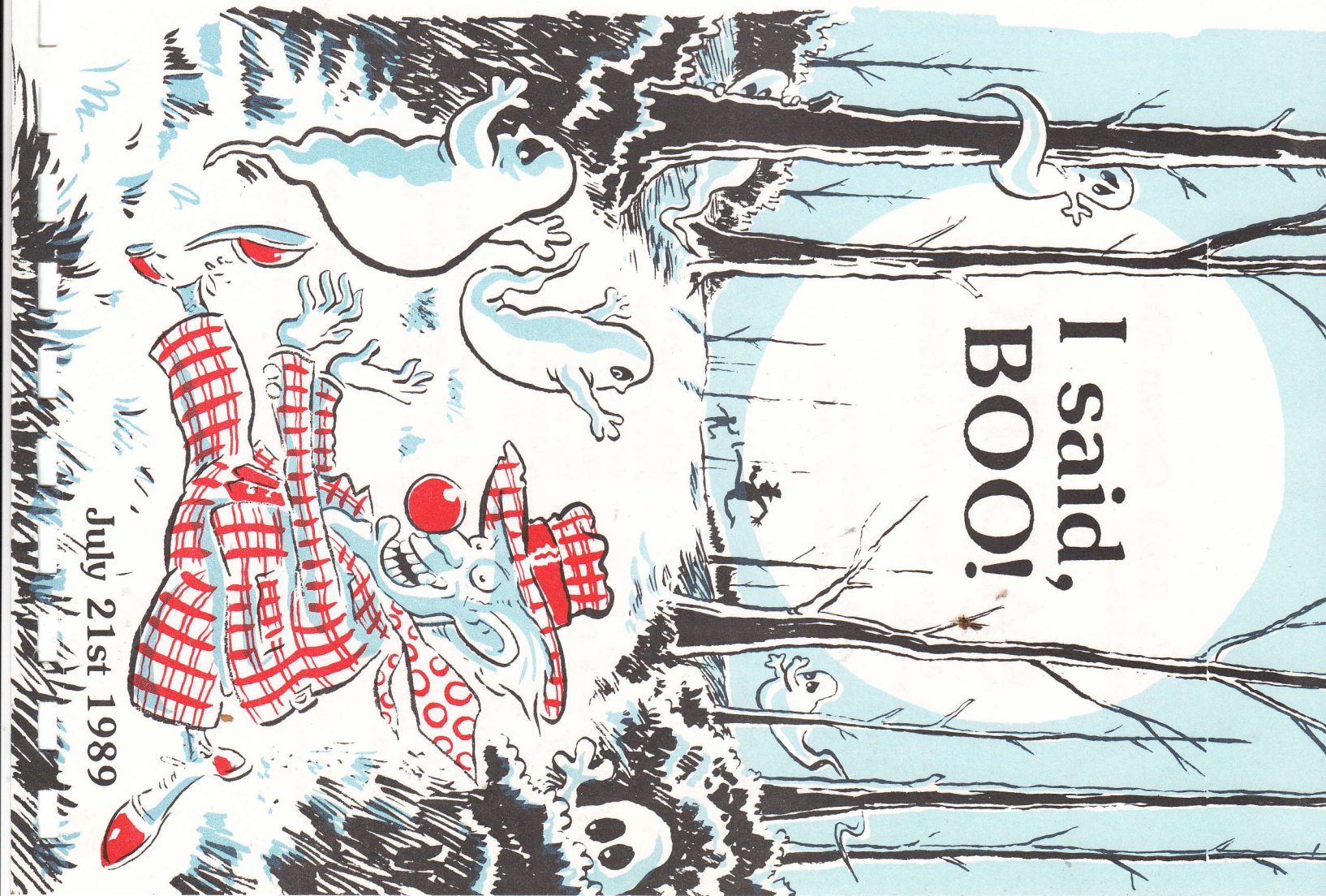




Buck's Rock, New Milford, Connecticut

I said,  
BOO!

July 21st 1989





Buck's Rock Clown Shop  
presents...

# I SAID, BOO!

Written by the Cast from a scenario by  
Aaron Watkins

Directed by Aaron Watkins  
Assistant Director: AJ Segal

Costumes : Julia L. Collins  
Debbie Gamble  
Jo Hall  
Light & Sound : Helen Skillcorn  
Larry Levine  
Merlin Tompson  
Program & Poster : Mike Hingley  
Printing : Ian Jackson  
Andrew Rubin  
Stephen Newman

## Special Thanks to...

Alice Forrester, Lou & Danny Simon, Mike  
Hingley, Ian Jackson, Kurt Coble & Music,  
Bob & Kate Harper, Erica Babad-White, Ed  
Budd.

The Clown Shop would like to extend a warm  
welcome to Fred Yockers, who will be in  
charge of our shop for the second session.

## CAST

In order of appearance...

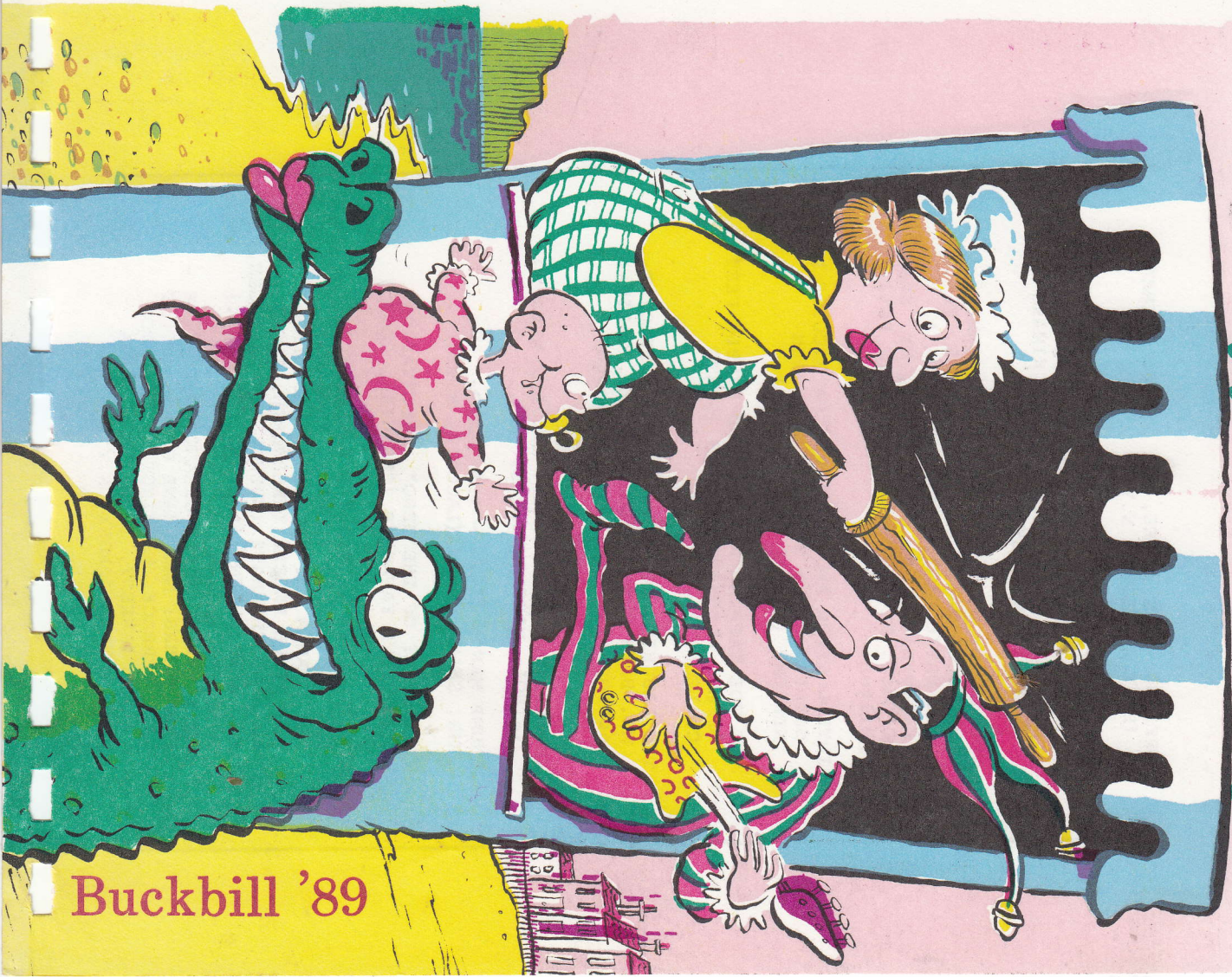
PHONEY GHOST 1.....Jason Fellerman  
THE CAMPER.....Shana R. Hack  
CARETAKER 1.....Charlie Ledley  
CARETAKER 2.....Austin R. Cadore  
SECURITY GUARD 1.....Evan Thayer  
SECURITY GUARD 2.....Ali Levy  
SLEEPY SECURITY GUARD.....Jackie Shapiro  
PROFESSOR SCHMEGEGIE.....Dan Rothenberg  
PHONEY GHOST 2.....Aara Kupris  
CLOWN GHOST.....Josh Weinstein  
GHOST'S WIFE.....Vanessa Richards  
ANGEL.....Jodi Sherman  
HALO GIRL.....Rachel Lynn  
LANYARD YOUTH.....Andrew Bonnes  
Ariana Jaffe  
David Oppenheim  
Kirk Whitney  
DANCE CALLER.....Adam Stofsky  
LEG CAST DRUMMER.....Emily Salzfass  
DANCE DEMONSTRATORS.....Matt Dicke  
Karen Goldstein  
CANTEEN BOSSES.....Devin Clark  
JUGGLERS.....Blake Mann  
Doyle Rockwell  
Jon Schwarz  
IDEA CAMPERS.....Emily Gitter  
David Kessler  
SHOWERING CAMPERS.....Gabe Pogano  
Gen Weart  
SPECIAL CAMEO APPEARANCES.....?????



Buck's Rock  
A SUMMER TO DISCOVER  
New Milford, Connecticut 06776



Stall on Stage



Buckbill '89



# Staff on Stage

OPENING - OUR EMCEE, MR. STEVEN SHERMAN  
(EAST ROCKAWAY, N.Y.)

SOMETHIN'S COMIN' by Sondheim & IT DON'T  
MEAN A THING IF IT AIN'T GOT THAT SWING  
by Ellington - SOLOIST: MR. KIMAKO X.  
TROTMAN (BROOKLYN, N.Y.)

VOLCANO by Jimmy Buffett - PERFORMERS:  
MR. DOUG HATTAWAY (TALLAHASSEE, FLA.)  
MR. DAVID DANZIG (MARIETTA, GA.)  
Percussion: Ms. Amy Russell, Mr. Shane  
O'Hara, Mr. Leroy Jacques, Mr. Phil  
Hilton

INTRODUCTION AND RONDO TO "CAPRICCIO" by  
Saint-Saens - SOLOIST: MR. JOHN  
NEWSOME (SILVER SPRING, MD.)

THE TOE-TAPPING RHYTHMS AND NIMBLE FEET  
OF MR. ALESSANDRO WEISS (STATE  
COLLEGE, PA.)

THE LAUGHING SONG by Strauss - SOLOIST:  
MS. BETH RUBENS (LOS ANGELES, CALIF.)  
accompanist: Mr. Chris Sanborn

IMPRESSION - PERFORMER: MR. LEE HAMMOND  
(ATHOL, MASSACHUSETTS)

CHUMP MAN'S BLUES - PERFORMER:  
MR. SHAWN MORIN (LACONIA, N.H.)

"THE STORY OF THE HERO" - RECITATION  
MR. STEVE FAVARGER (CHESHIRE, CONN.)

SOMETHING IN MY HEART - PERFORMERS:  
MR. DAN HARPER (LONDON, ENGLAND)  
MR. GRAHAM HEY (HUDDERSFIELD, ENG.)  
MR. STEVE ANSELL (KNEBWORTH, ENG.)  
MR. LEO GRINHAUZ (BUENOS AIRES, ARGENT.)  
MS. BETH RUBENS (LOS ANGELES, CAL.)

"ART & MONEY" - PERFORMANCE ART PIECE -  
PERFORMERS: MR. SHANE O'HARA (MOUNT  
LAKE TERRACE, WASHINGTON), MR. TOM  
THAYER (ANKENY, IOWA), MS. ERICA  
BABAD-WHITE (BRONX, N.Y.)

"E LIKE EAST" & "7 STANZACISMS"  
TEXT BY MR. KURT COBLE (WEEDVILLE, PA.)  
MUSIC - MR. LEO GRINHAUZ (BUENOS AIRES)

A JAZZ PIECE & A DANISH FOLK SONG  
PERFORMERS: MR. MORTON LIND (FAYUM,  
DENMARK) & MR. ADAM TRAUM (WOODSTOCK,  
N.Y.)

MY BROTHER EATS BUGS - WRITTEN & SUNG BY  
MR. FRANK GOSAR - accompanist: Mr.  
Morton Lind

LEAVES THAT ARE GREEN by Paul Simon  
THE TIMES THEY ARE A'CHANGIN' by B. Dylan  
PERFORMERS: MS. ERIKA BLUMBERG  
(WESTFIELD, N.J.), MS. ERICA BABAD WHITE  
(BRONX, N.Y.) & MR. EDWARD BUDD (OCEANSIDE  
N.Y.)

AGAINST ALL ODDS - PERFORMING THE DUET:  
MS. A.J. SEGAL (MARTINSVILLE, N.J.)  
MR. STEVE ANSELL (KNEBWORTH, ENGLAND)

DOCTOR GRADUS AD PARNASSUM by Debussy  
PIANIST: MS. ERIKA BLUMBERG

JUNK FOOD JUNKIE (title stolen from Jim  
Stafford) WORDS AND MUSIC by  
MR. EDWARD BUDD (OCEANSIDE, N.Y.)

KILLING ME SOFTLY & TRASNNA NA DTONNTA  
PERFORMER: MS. GINA MCCARTHY (MULLINGAR  
COUNTY WESTMEATH, IRELAND)

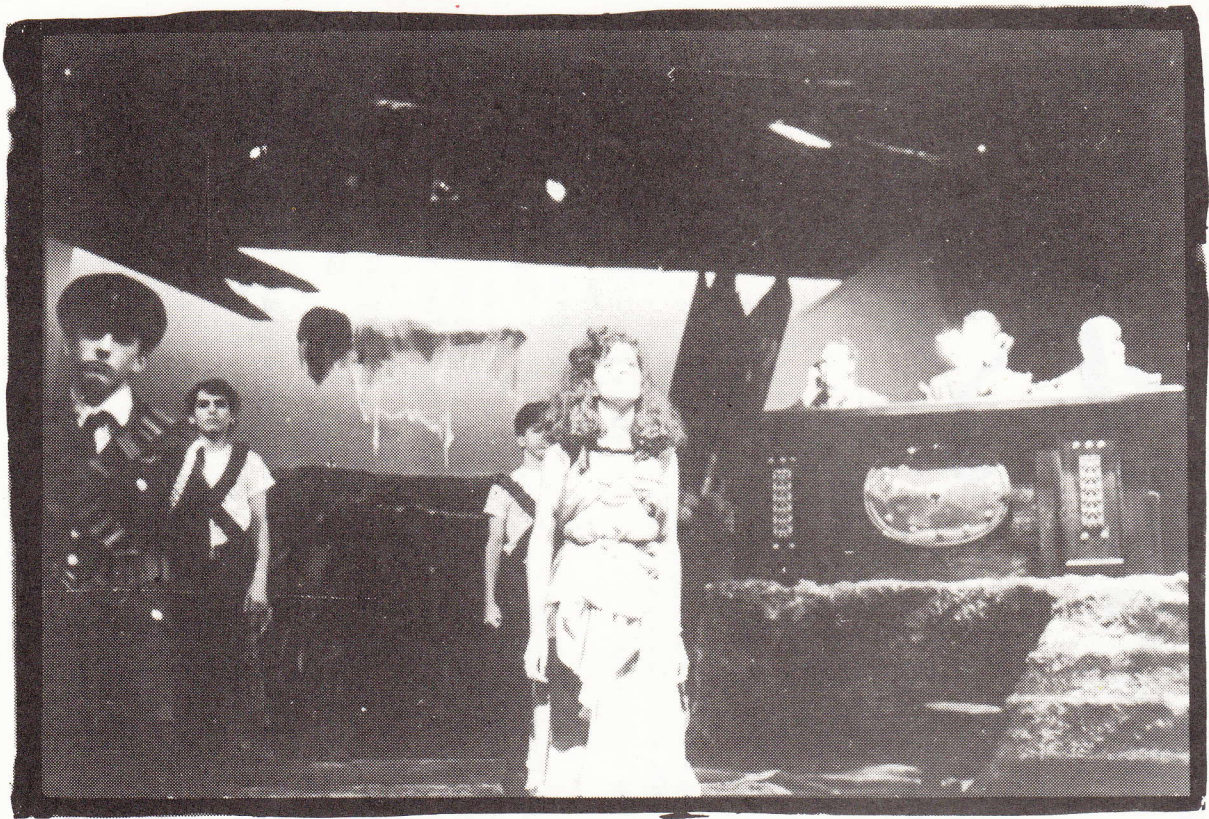
SPECIAL FINALE - PERFORMER: MR. DANIEL  
SIMON (NEW YORK, N.Y.)

STAFF ON STAGE '89 IS A BUCKS ROCK PRODUCT  
IN ASSOCIATION WITH BLUMBERG BUDD ENTERPRISE

THANKS TO MIKE HINGLEY, THE PUB, EILEEN, LSD  
STEVE SHERMAN, GINNY, NINA, RICHARD WHITE,  
ALICE, MICHAEL DUKAKIS, MARC, WRINKLES,  
MARILYN, BOB AND LEE'S KIDS, AND TO LEE  
HAMMOND FOR WAKING UP AT 4 a.m.

A SPLENDID TIME IS GUARANTEED FOR ALL.....





Josh Danzig





# Antigone

## Antigone

by Jean Anouilh

Directed by Alice Forrester  
 Assistant Director/Stage Manager:  
   Sarah Elizabeth Lyons JC  
 Set Design by Robert Alan Harper  
 Lighting Design by Theodore Koski  
 Sound Design by Merlin Thompson  
 Costume Design by Julia L. Collins  
   Debbie Gamble  
   Joanne Hall

Helen Skillicorn  
 Master Electrician: Alan Steremberg CIT  
 Sound Technician: Luke Miller CIT  
 Master Carpenters: Christine Ellis  
   Christopher O'Leary  
   Alden Peterson

Percussion: Daniel Harper  
 Slides by Adam Traum  
 Photographer: Staci Lichterman  
 Slide Operator: Kimako X. Trotman  
 Light Board Operator: Alan Steremberg  
 Sound Operator: Larry Levine CIT  
 Set Crew: Dan Goldson  
 LSD Crew: Dan Stern  
   Andrew Rubin

## THE CAST

Chorus.....Shana Hack  
                   Emily Gitter  
                   Elizabeth Stein  
                   Noah Tarnow  
                   Ethan Ubell

Antigone.....Hayley Finn  
 Ismene.....Jena Axelrod  
 Nurse.....Rebecca Hart  
 Haemon.....Evan Thayer  
 Creon.....Carolyn Bauer

                  Ilana Rosengarten  
                   Daniel Rothenberg

First Guard.....Charles McWade  
 Second Guard.....Alex Weider  
 Third Guard.....Jeremy Tiefenbrun  
 Page.....Jesse Bonderman  
 Eurydice.....Leah Reisman  
 Messengers.....Michele Holland

                  Sandra Platt

Polynices.....Benjamin Schachter  
 Eteocles.....Basile Baudez

Special Thanks: To Robert Alan for the place  
 and Kate Harper for the space, the Pub Shop,  
 the Music Department, Lou and Ernst, Melissa  
 Smith, Aaron Watkins, and Batik.

"The human heart is like a jug. No mortal  
 can look into its recesses and you can only  
 judge of its purity by what comes out of  
 it." -Anonymous



# CONCERT IN THE MUSIC SHED

AUG 3 1989



BUCK'S ROCK  
a summer to discover

New Milford (CT)



MUSIC



MUSIC SHED CONCERT, AUGUST 3, 1989

The Buck's Rock Music Dept.

proudly presents

THE BUCK'S ROCK MUSIC ENSEMBLES

Symphony Orchestra

Dalton Set - Robert Starer

1. Prelude

2. Serenade

3. Waltz

4. March

Chamber Orchestra

Simple Symphony - Benjamin Britten

1. Playful Pizzicato

2. Boisterous Bouree

Sinfonie in A - Giuseppe Tartini

1. Allegro Assai

2. Andante Assai

3. Menuett

Chorus

Kyrie (from Mass in G) - Schubert

Songs of Thankfulness and Praise

(Theme and Variations) - White

Old Mother Hubbard - Victor Hely-Hutchinson

The Snow - Sir Edward Elgar

Kurt Coble, Violin: Brett Kronewitter, viola

Lovers Love the Spring - Arthur Frankenhohl

Jazz Band

Nicole - Sammy Nestico

Down the Road - Sammy Nestico

After Thought - Walter Lee \*

Satin Doll - Duke Ellington \*

No Matter What - Walter Lee \*

Blue Bossa - Kenny Durhan

\* Jazz Improv.

Jazz Personnel

\*Walter Lee, Conductor/Music Director

Ben Rosenberg - Alto Sax

\*Cheryl Hill - Tenor Sax

Sylvie Kinnear - Trumpet

Richard White - Trumpet

Jeff Samuels - Trombone

Joshua Trauner - Trombone

\*Morten Lind - Guitar

\*David Ullmann - Guitar

\*Erika L. Blumberg - Piano

\*Peter Siniawer - Piano

\*Eric Roth - Bass

\*Dan Harper - Bass

\*Jonathan Keidan - Drums

\*Sarah Cole - Vocalist

\* - Improv. Group

Special Thanks To:

The Lovable Pub Shop

The More Than Lovable Nurses, Maxine and

Linda for supplying us with Liz Allan, flute

Sylvie Kinnear, trumpet

Richard Sobel - for our poster

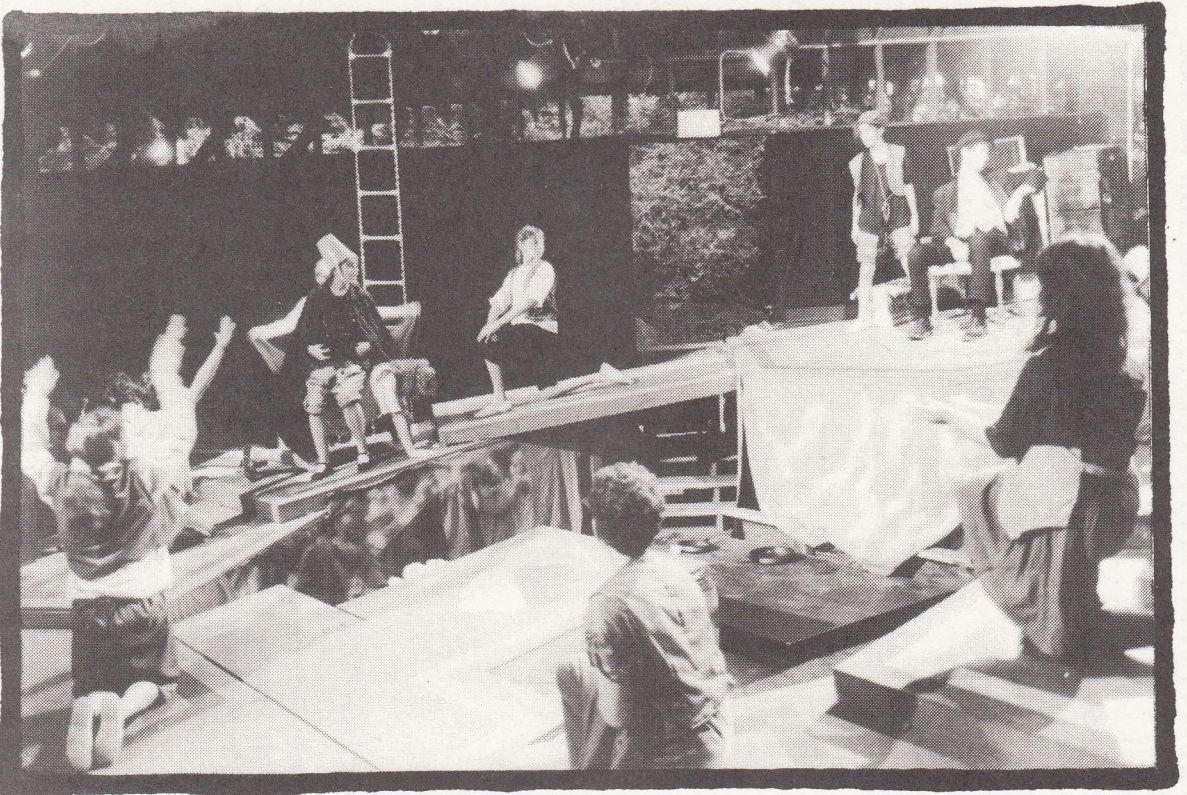
Merlin and the LSD crew



*Boat of the Sweatshirt*



*Snell of the Sweat*



**Buck's Rock**

**New Milford, Connecticut 06776**



ROAR OF THE GREASEPAINT--SMELL OF THE CROWD  
by Leslie Bricusse & Anthony Newley

Directed and Choreographed by Kate Harper  
Set Design by Robert Alan Harper  
Assistant Director: Amy Budd JC  
Stage Manager: Sara Zimbard CIT  
Lighting Design by Theodore Koski  
Sound Design by Eileen Tague  
Costume Design by Julia L. Collins  
Technical Directors: Kristoph Leary  
Alden Peterson  
Scenic Artist: Christine Ellis  
Lighting Board Operator: Dan Stern  
Sound Board Operator: Alan Sterenberg CIT  
LSD Crew: Luke Miller CIT

Musical Director/Conductor: Richard White  
Piano: Chris Sanborn  
Synthesizer: Kimako X. Trotman  
Violin: Kurt Coble  
Percussion: Daniel Harper  
Vocal Coaches: Bess Morrison  
Beth Rubens

MUSICAL NUMBERS:

Beautiful Land.....Urchins  
A Wonderful Day Like Today.....Sir, Kid, Urchins  
Things to Remember.....Sir, Kid, Urchins  
Put it in the Book.....Kid, Urchins  
This Dream.....Cocky  
Where Would You Be Without Me?...Sir, Cocky  
My First Love Song.....Cocky, The Boy  
The Joker.....Cocky  
Who Can I Turn To?.....Cocky  
ACT II

That's What it is to Be Young...Urchins, Kid  
Sweet Beginning.....Company

CAST

Sir.....Gurion Manber  
Cocky.....Michelle Gittelson  
The Kid.....Jessica Meyer  
The Boy.....Charlie Alterman  
The Child.....Rachel Korowitz  
Urchins.....Ari Bassin  
Andrew Gaines  
Nicole Hanrahan  
Sally Neff  
Gen Schaab  
Tobi Schmidt  
Amanda Stein  
Sarah Tuttleton

Special Thanks:

Alice Forrester for loving me "anyway",  
Leigh Anne Dupree, Peter Sinaiwer for use of  
his synthesizer, the Kitchen, Lou, Danny, Ginny,  
the loveable Pub, the Office Staff

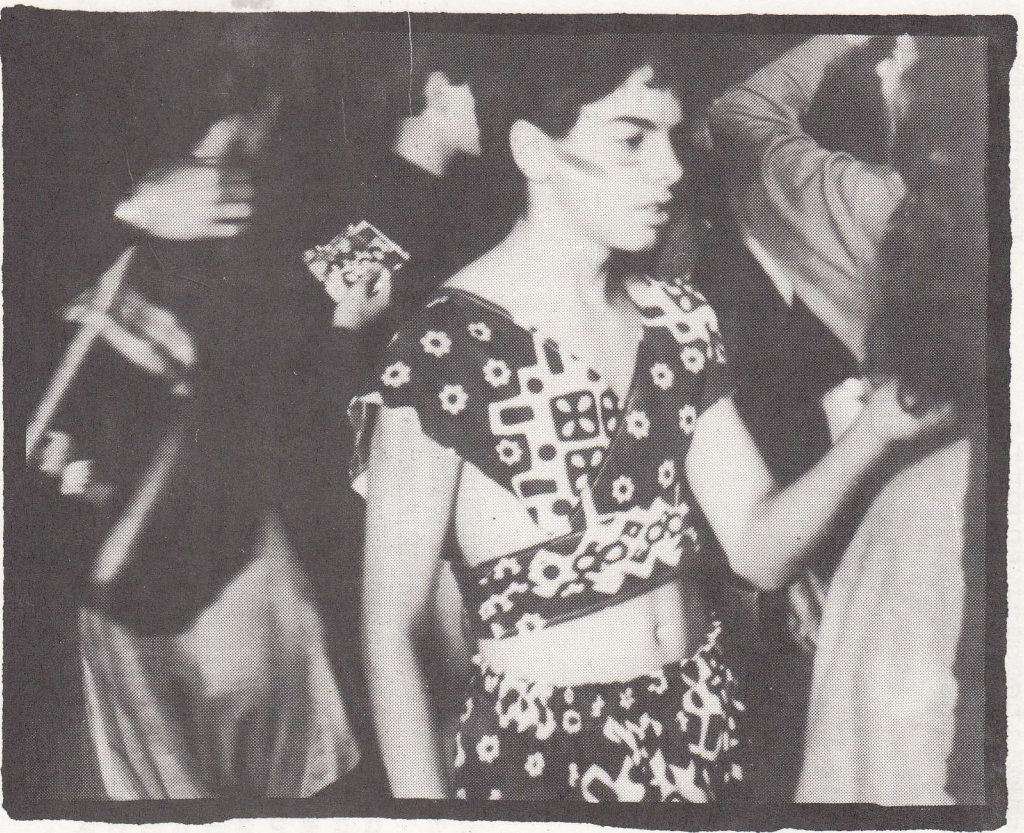
Director's Note: For mom & dad

cover: Yet another amazing one and a half minute Sam Pocker design.



# Tales of Trickery

8.  
9.  
'89



Buck's Rock  
New Milford, CT 06776





TALASE O FORTUCKERY

by Kiki Alala Whetdley

CASSET

Procession and Invocation

Then Company ..... Adhian Padhen  
Julie Blinbaum  
Estee Pierce  
Rebecca Hart  
M.M. Ashere Richeldil  
Jehmife Natinisky  
Sharon Most  
Melissa Schaefer  
Leah Reisman  
Hayley Finn  
Carolyn Barber  
Josh Seelig  
Thea Shoulson  
Matt Peterson  
Steven Most  
Kivasherr  
Todd M. Shetz  
Then Permangkuku .....

Then Widow and then weadthyn Neighbor

Storytellers ..... Rebecca Hart  
M.M. Ashere Richeldil  
Then Old Widow ..... Carolyn Barber  
Then weadthyn Neighbor ..... Josh Seelig  
Servant ..... Thea Shoulson  
Attendants ..... Sharon Most  
Hayley Finn  
Orchestra ..... Adhian Padhen  
Julie Blinbaum  
Estee Pierce

Then Buffalo and then Bell

Paradise .....  
Sukahin .....  
Klinging .....  
Kabelet .....  
Then Buffalo and then Bell

M.M. Ashere Richeldil  
Kallabulata then a ttractiv e company  
Melissa Schaefer  
Masaka then old vendor  
Dallanng then puppeteer  
Then Orchestra

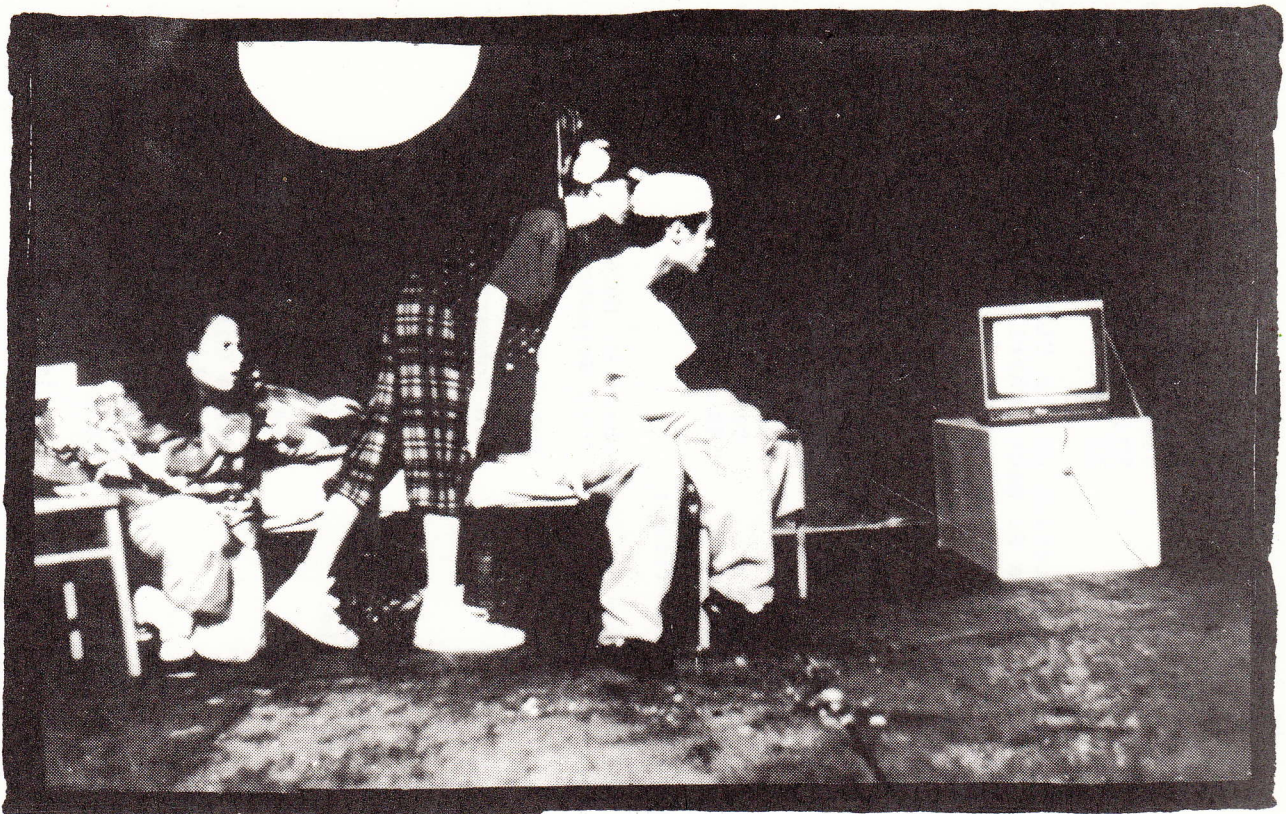
Then Benediction

Then Company  
Then Permangkuku

Directed by Leigh Ann Adams  
Assistant Director/Stage Manager:  
Sarah Elizabeth Lyons J.C.  
Scenic Designer Robert Alana Harper  
Costume Designer Julia L. Collins  
Masks: Julia L. Collins and the Company  
Props: Alden Peterson  
Puppets: Erica Babada-Whit  
Lighting Design: Larry Levin  
Sound Design: Leigh Ann Adams  
Light Board Operator: Larry Levin  
Sound Operator: Ellen Tague  
Master Carpenters: Christin Ellis  
Christophere T.O. Leary  
Alden Peterson

Special Thanks: Ernsts Buhoaya, Louis Simon, Bob  
Harper, Kate Harper, Albee Forrester, Brent  
Adams, Jehmife Flanagan, LSD Crew, Costume  
Shop, Mushed then Nursing staff, the Lovable  
Pub, and Zephyr Hill Prop Storage.  
Directors' Note: Welcome to the Indonesian  
community - L.A.A.A.





Buck's Rock  
New Milford, CT 06776



TORPOR

11. Aug. 1989



# TORPOR

## ...a vision of the future

Written by the ensemble, from a scenario by Fred Yockers

Directed by Fred Yockers  
Asst. Director/Stage Manager: AJ Segal

"I always knew that when I looked back on the times I've cried, I would laugh -- but I never thought that when I looked back on the times I laughed, I would cry"

-- unknown

Lighting & Sound: Merlin Tompson  
Larry Levine  
Jason Baumgarten

Program Design & Printing: Mike Hingley, Ian Jackson

Poster Design: Benjy Schachter

Mime Collaboration: Erica Babad-White

Stage Crew: Stephen Ansell  
AJ Segal

Videography: Sparty Crampton  
Alexander Hamilton

The CLOWNSHOP would like to thank the many individuals who helped create this work:

Danny, Lou & Ginny, Bob & Kate Harper, Ed Budd (for being the VOICE), Art Shop, Claire the leather lady, Costume & Sewing Shops, Actor's Studio, Alden Peterson, Maintenance & Grounds Crew, Al the Baker, and Evan Brier(Bwa)...for taking Fred's aspirin.

...and a very special thanks and well wishes to Aaron Watkins, our red-nosed representative in the Greatest Show on Earth!

## THE CAST (in order of appearance)

### The Pre-Show Clowns:

Adam Stofsky, Alison Levy, Evan Thayer, Vanessa Richards, Karen Silverman, Greg Licht, Karen Goldstein, Alex Silver,  
Jason OM Fellerman, Devin Clark,  
The janitors: Stephen Ansell & AJ Segal

Under the direction of the CLOWNSHOP CIT staff: Jason OM Fellerman, Shana R. Hack, Charlie Ledley, Daniel Rothenberg, Evan David Thayer and Josh Weinstein.

### The Clones of the Future World:

#### Captains:

Evan David Thayer  
Alison Levy

Jonathan Friedman  
Rachel S. Korowitz  
David Openheim  
Emily Salzfass

### The Elimination Force:

#### Chiefs:

Shana R. Hack  
Josh Weinstein

Gabriel Roberto Pagano  
Doyle Rockwell  
Jon Schwarz  
Gen Weart

### The Clown Rabble:

#### Leaders of the Rabble:

Jason OM Fellerman  
Amara Baumgarten

Andrew Bonnes  
Devin Clark  
Karen Goldstein  
Greg Licht  
Vanessa Richards  
Jody Sherman  
Alex Silver  
Adam Stofsky

#### The Scouts:

Austin Reese Ledley-Cadore  
Karen Silverman

#### The Hero:

Daniel Rothenberg

#### The Storyteller:

Charlie Ledley

...We dedicate this show to the spirit of folly lurking in all of us.



# 68. LHMN 3ND DANCE NIGHT BREAKING NEW GROUND



## The Dance Staff

Shane O'Hara  
Lisa Wittner  
Carolyn Albel CIT  
Rachel Slater CIT

## Sound Crew:

Eileen Tague  
Merlyn Thompson  
Luke Miller CIT-Designer  
Lighting Design:  
Theodore Koski-Designer  
Alan Steremberg CIT  
Jason Baumgarten

Tom Thayer  
Dillys Price

Poster Design: Lynn A. Barnett  
Photo Credit: Amy Russell  
Feat of Clay: Josh Draper  
Frank Gosar  
Very Special Thanks to: Lou,  
Danny, Ginny, George Summers, Bob,  
Costume Shop, Kitchen staff, Pub  
Shop, Silkscreen, Photo, the  
Octagon, and the Aspetuck.



Why Not?

Choreographers: Carolyn Aibel  
Nadine Robins  
Lauren Wolfe

Music: Erasure

Dancers:

Carolyn Aibel Nadine Robins

Lauren Wolfe

We would like to thank Addie Male

for always being there for us, Tom

and Shane for their help, and

everyone who gave us moral

support.

Sail Away

Choreographer: Debbie Joel

Music: Enya

Costume Design: Debbie Gamble

Dancer: Debbie Joel

Read All About It

An improvisation by:

Amara Baumgarten Deena Cimmert

Elisa Delgado-Tomei Jessica Kerbel

Aubrey Ludwig Sahar Mitchell

Nadine Robins Benjamin Schachter

Margot Schulman Rachel Slater

Chloe Grimschaw Tyler Smith

Kimako X. Trotman Lauren Wolfe

Music composition and performance:

Peter Siniawer and Kurt W. Coble

Crossing the Border  
(a dance for Jorge)

"...I cross the border, you

will remember."

Choreographer: Shane O'Hara

Music: Portuguese folk songs

Live music: Walter Lee

Costume Design: Debbie Gamble

Dancer: Carolyn Aibel

A special thank you to Carolyn

Aibel who let me push her past her

own borders, to enter a place

where dance is real.

-----INTERMISSION-----

Up a Road Slowly

Choreographer: Tom Thayer

Music: Vladimir Cosma

Sculptures: Sara Sedgwick

Costume Design: Debbie Gamble

Dancers:

Carolyn Aibel Nadine Robins

Jessica Kerbel Margot Schulman

Animal Presences

"Perhaps it is the animal within  
us which allows us to see things  
as they really are..."

Director: Erica Babad-White

Choreographers:

Erica Babad-White and the

mime ensemble

Performers:

Basile Baudez Amara Baumgarten

Dina Gould Chloe Grimschaw

Mike Hammer Ben Hirsch

Aara Kupris Whitney Lawson

Sahar Mitchell Benjamin Schachter

Martine Zilversmit

Take a Seat

Choreographer: Shane O'Hara

Music: M.C. Hammer

Dancers:

Carolyn Aibel Rachel Burk

Benjamin Schachter Rachel Slater

Lauren Wolfe

Oligada

Choreographer: Shane O'Hara

Music: Serge Blenner

Costume Design: Debbie Gamble

Dancers:

Carolyn Aibel Debbie Joel

Jessica Kerbel Rachel Spiro

Lightssteps

Choreographer: Lisa Wittner

Music: Bobby McFerrin

Dancers:

Jessica Kerbel

Ona Magaro

Nadine Robins Margot Schulman

Rachel Slater Elisa Delgado-Tomei

Lauren Wolfe



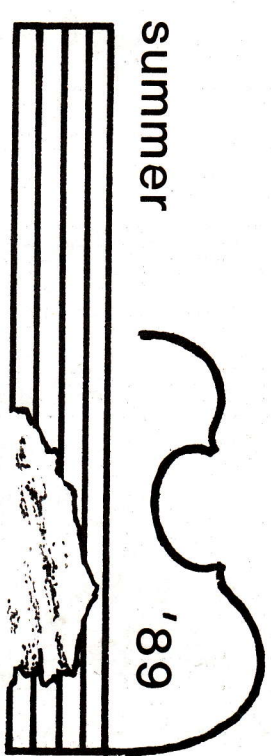
JAZZ NIGHT CONCERT  
IN THE MUSIC SHED

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY**

AUGUST 14

**WALTER!**

BUCK'S ROCK  
a summer to discover



**MUSIC**

New Milford (CT)



# Finale - Midsummer Night's Dream

Richard White

Ch.  Soshallallthe couples three Evertruein lo-ving be;

O  Soshallallthe couples three ——— Evertruein lo-ving be; Andtheblots of

Ch.  Andtheblots of Nature's hand Shallnotintheir issue stand

O  Nature's hand Shallnotintheir issue stand

Ch.  Interval Withthisfield-dew con-se- crate

O  Withthisfield-dew con-se- crate Everyfairly takehis

Ch.  Everyfairly takehis gait Andeachseveral chamber bless,

O  gait Andeachseveral chamber bless, Throughthispalace

Ch.  Throughthispalace sweet Andtheowner of it blest Evershallin safety

O  sweetwith peace ——— Andtheowner of it blest Evershallin safety

Ch.  rest Trip a-way make no stay Meetusall by break of day!

O  rest Trip a-way make no stay Meetmeall by break of day!



Bass, Drums

Chris Sanborn

(3)

Matt Schwartz

(9)

Josh Seelig

(6)

Rebecca Sgan-Cohen

(6,8)

Steve Sherman

(1,2,4,7)

Jed Silverstein

(4)

Peter Siniawer

(4,5,7)

Elizabeth Stein

(6)

Adam Traum

(1,9,10)

Joshua Trauner

(4)

Kimako X. Trotman

(2,4,6,7)

Amy Tuckett

(6)

David Ullman

(4,7,9,10)

Danielle Webb

(6)

Richard White

(4,6)

Guitar

Violin

Flute

Percussions

Tuba

Piano

Cello

Bass guitar

Trombone

Cello, Piano

Violin

Guitar

Cello

Trumpet, Drums

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

The Everlovin' Pub Shop (Hurrah!)

Merlin and LSD Crew

Maintenance Crew

Nursing- for Liz Allen

Kitchen Staff- For Sylvie Kinnear

Silkscreen- for Ben Rosenberg and Lynn Barnett

Clown Shop- Fred Yockers (for supplying the clowns)

WBBC- Steve Ansell

Claire Neretin's Leather Shop

Staging Crew

Photo Shop- for Adam Traum

Batik and Sewing

Wood Shop- for Percussion Instruments

Athletics- for Lee Hammond

JAZZ NIGHT CONCERT, AUGUST 14, 1989

Monday, 8:30 PM

Eve - Adam Traum  
Quartet # 1

Traces - Buie, Cobb, Gordy  
Band

Blue Bossa - Kenny Durham  
Band

\*\* Clown Entree \*\*

Peter's Piece - Peter Siniawer  
Piano solo

The Middle Country (Chinese) - Walter Lee  
Women Ai Heping  
Sunflower

Orchestra

Satin Doll - Duke Ellington  
Improv-Combo

Summertime - George Gershwin  
Improv-Combo

Mack the Knife - Kurt Weill  
Improv-Combo

Two Andean Pieces - Walter Lee  
La Plaza  
Imagen

Trio

\*\* Clown Entree \*\*

String of Pearls - Jerry Gray  
Band

Mop - Kurt Coble  
Band



In the Mood - Joe Garland  
Band

Fee S'lam (middle eastern) - Walter Lee  
Quartet # 2

Eri's Eastern Breeze (Japanese) - Walter Lee  
Quartet # 3

Strand - Dave Ullman  
CIT-Band

\*\* Clown Entree \*\*

British Strut - Walter Lee  
Sextet

Sweets - Sammy Nestico  
Band

Just the Way You Are - Billy Joel  
Band

That Golden Tone - Walter Lee  
improv-combo

ENSEMBLE CODES

Quartet #1	1
Quartet #2	2
Quartet #3	3
Band	4
Piano Solo	5
Orchestra	6
Improv Group	7
Camper Trio	8
CIT Band	9
Sextet	10

JAZZ PERFORMERS

Liz Allen	Flute
Steve Ansell	Vocalist
Erika Blumberg	Piano

Ben Chaleff' (6)	Violin
Kurt Coble (6)	Violin
Daniel Finklestein (6)	Bassoon
Michael Hammer (6)	Violin
Lee Hammond	Master of Ceremonies
Dan Harper (2,4,6,7)	Drums
Cheryl Hill (4,6,7)	Clarinet, Tenor Sax
Jonathan Keidan (4,7,10)	Drums
Sylvie Kinnear (4,7)	Trumpet (soloist)
Brett Kronewitter (3,6)	Viola
Walter Lee (1,2,3,7,10)	Flute, Oboe, Shakuhachi
Morten Lind (1,4,7,10)	Guitar
Gurion Manber (7)	Baritone
Sahar Mitchell (8)	Guitar
Sally Neff (7)	Soprano
John Newsome (6)	Violin
Doyle Rockwell (4)	Trumpet
Benjamin'n'killen Rosenberg (4)	Alto Sax
Eric Roth (3,4,6,7)	Cello, Bass
M. Asher Richelli (7)	Bass
Beth Rubens (4)	Soprano
Alex Saltzman (4)	Alto Sax
Ken Samuels (4)	Alto Sax
Jeff Samuels (4)	Trombone





Girls' House Upstairs





Girls' House Downstairs





Girls' Annex 1





Girls' Annex 2





Girls Annex Cabins





Girls Cabins





Girls Terrace 1





Girls' Terrace 2





August Girls





August Boys





Boys' House Upstairs





Boys' House Downstairs





Boys' Annex





Boys' Cabins





Boys' Cabins





Boys' Shops





CIT's









JC's





Housekeeping, Grounds Crew  
and Maintenance





Kitchen





Office/Administration





General Hospital  
a.k.a. MASH 4077





Water Babies



Woodwind

Piano

Stevie

Evening Activities



Babysitters and Staff Children





People Who Couldn't Be Bothered  
To Show Up For The First Time





The Goat





More August Girls



# EDITORIALS

humanity i love you because you  
are perpetually putting the secret of  
life in your pants and forgetting  
it's there and sitting down

e.e. cummings







## Co-Editor in Chief

"Talking so fast, all at the same time searching for words. It's all about the same thing, underneath the disguise, and just like I said, if you're looking for answers, open your eyes."

-Joe Walsh

Searching for words. That's what I'm doing. I don't want to talk about the title, or about being "Co-Editor in Chief." How do you describe what it's like working on yearbook?

It's a draining, hard, schizophrenic experience, but we do it every year. There's always one point during yearbook production when you don't think that it's going to happen. You just don't think that it's going to come together, and collation becomes an impossible deadline.

Then, one day, everything is OK, and you know that it will get done.

Another thing about working on yearbook is that at certain stressful times, it makes you turn into a strange, green, bug-eyed, raving, drooling, screaming creature. It's not a pretty sight. Eventually, when you're not as stressed out, you turn back into a person, but for a while it can get scary.

I'd like to thank all the editors for putting up with that strange raving creature. I'd especially like to thank some people, who know who they are, for helping and listening outside of Pub. I have to thank the Pub counselors, who waited for divider quotes which came in two days late, Pub articles which came in four days late, and editorials which came in almost five days late. Oh yes, I also have thank Maryn. (I almost forgot.) We actually got through this without killing each other.

love and kisses,

Mike



Co EDITOR in-Chief

# Meaningful Things I've Meant to Say, But Couldn't Sound the Vowels

There is a separate person in me. It is the one who

emerged to tell me that..... Poetry's passion is a different kind of passion - The vibrant passion which

Since my friend habitually extends herself from me onto paper and dresses

to her island of Thought a scratch! PATCH!

Shuffle-upagus



stop (per of Linsen telt-agg)

Marin 27 shapes

"In farm - 'Whu up!!"

herself in syllables it seems

and new tones of overused colors

induces your spirit to jump and fly around

twisted wool sweaters, and even my tie dyes. Occasionally

as he put today. I'd have to say that the

to give a sense of the world around me



## Co- Writing Editor

"Here, could you type this?"

"Wanna help heat-wrap the pages?"

"Who edited this?!?"

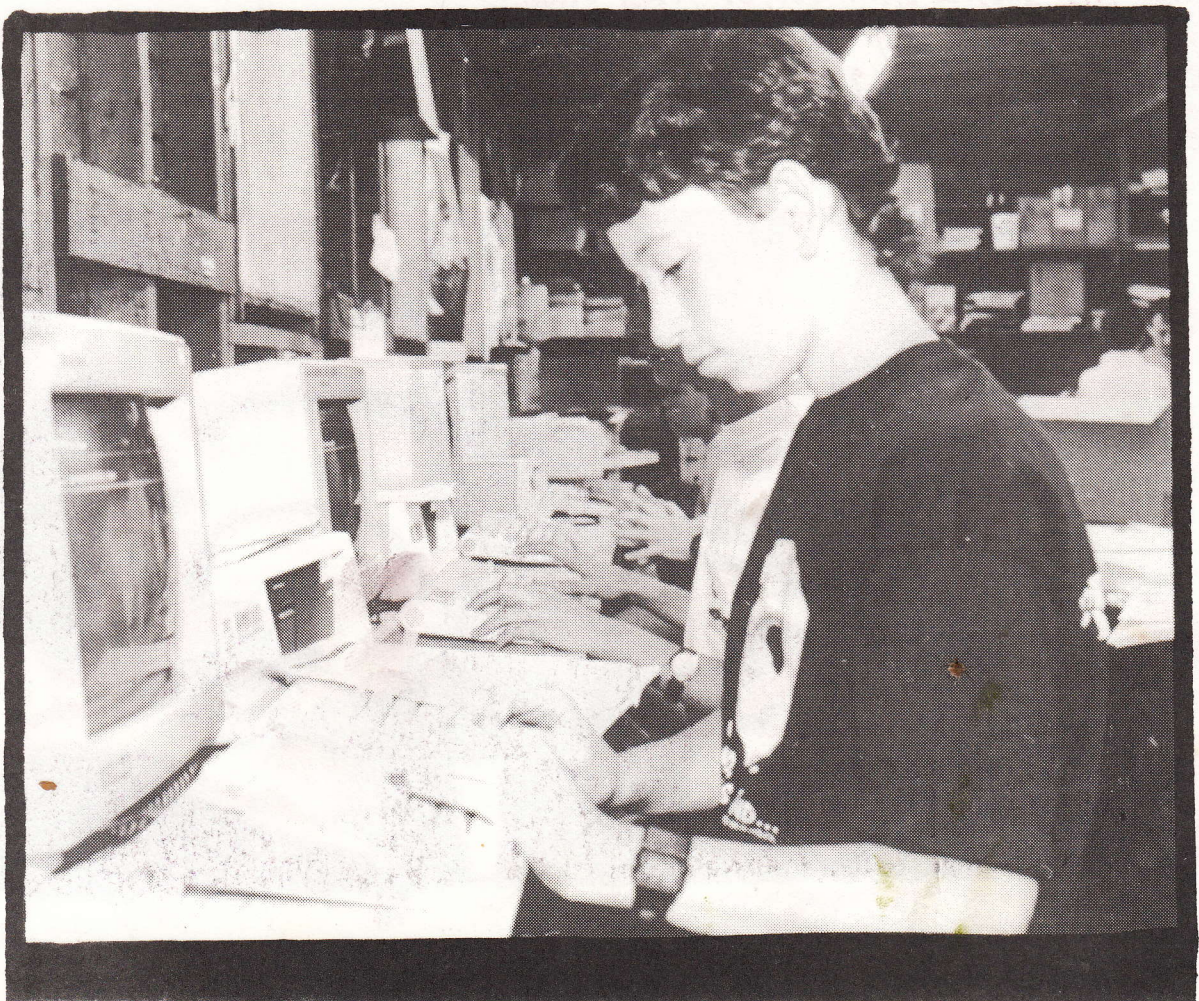
These are only just some of the things that the other writing editors and I had to deal with. The work was never-ending, but in the end, I guess everything that we did amounts to something. That something is a heavy, heaping, 200 page, yearbook called - ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ and a few pictures and photographs.

"That's what it's called?!?" asked anyone I told the name to. I must admit, it's not exactly the shortest name we ever had, but its definitely memorable.

As a writing editor, there were many different jobs to do. I mostly did shop articles, but still I worked on other things, such as poetry, prose, and stories.

Because this is my second year working on the yearbook, I had a better idea of what I was doing, and I hope that "Alphabet and a few pictures and photographs" turns out okay.

Rich





# CO-WRITING EDITOR

whitney lawson

The other day I was standing behind the silkscreen shop in the POURING rain, hosing the red ink off my screen. My hands were cold and numb, water was coming at me from all directions, And I was standing in a large puddle of pink mud.

A friend passed by and asked me what I was doing with a sour, pained expression. "I'm WORKING" I said, noticing her dry hair and clean clothes.

"WHY???" She asked flatly, looking at my dirty hands with distaste.

This struck me so much that my nose snapped off awkwardly. "be CAUSE" I said, with a stream of water running down my nose. "because I love it." She walked away coldly.

For a moment I stood there in the rain, thinking of Home where life is easier. I thought of my warm, dry bed, my shower, the washing machine downstairs. . .

For some bizarre reason I shook the rain out of my hair with renewed vigor. I picked up the hose, the soap, and the toilet-scrubber and got all of the ink out of the screen.

I Saw the same girl later that day.

I laughed quietly to myself and thought of Buck's Rock where life is a little rougher, where you make mistakes and learn from them, where you get your hands dirty and your feet wet and Love every minute of it.





## Co-Writing Editor

I would like to say something deep and particularly relevant about this summer's yearbook, but I cannot think of anything at the moment; so, I'll just say whatever comes to mind and hope that something relevant does pop up.

When I first applied for the position of writing editor, I wasn't quite sure what the eventual turn-out would be, and I wasn't even sure of what I would be doing as a writing editor. Needless to say, I was very surprised to find one Friday morning that there were to be six writing editors on the yearbook. The writing counselors insisted that a large editorial staff would serve to make the yearbook process more fun. I was of the opinion that "Too many cooks spoil the broth."

A second surprise came when I learned that the yearbook title was to consist of the alphabet and a few pictures and photographs strewn about the cover. I like the idea, but it is rather a departure from a usual yearbook title.

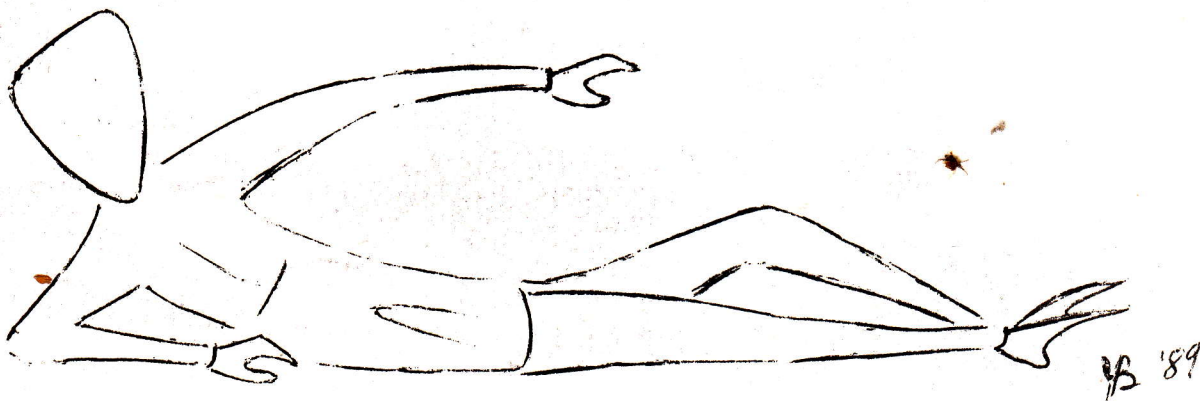
What I've been trying to say (in case it's not clear by now) is that this yearbook was full of surprises and unforeseen "curves in the road." But I think these curves have been part of excitement in making the yearbook. In fact, many of them have made the yearbook more fun. The fact that there were many writing editors allowed me to spend more time relaxing from the all-too-hectic Pub Shop. I hope that they add to your excitement in reading the yearbook.

On a final note, Robert Heinlein once said about his writing for literary magazines, "They didn't want it good; they wanted it Tuesday." I think this yearbook is good and Tuesday.

There, I've said something relevant. Now, where do I put this to be laid out?

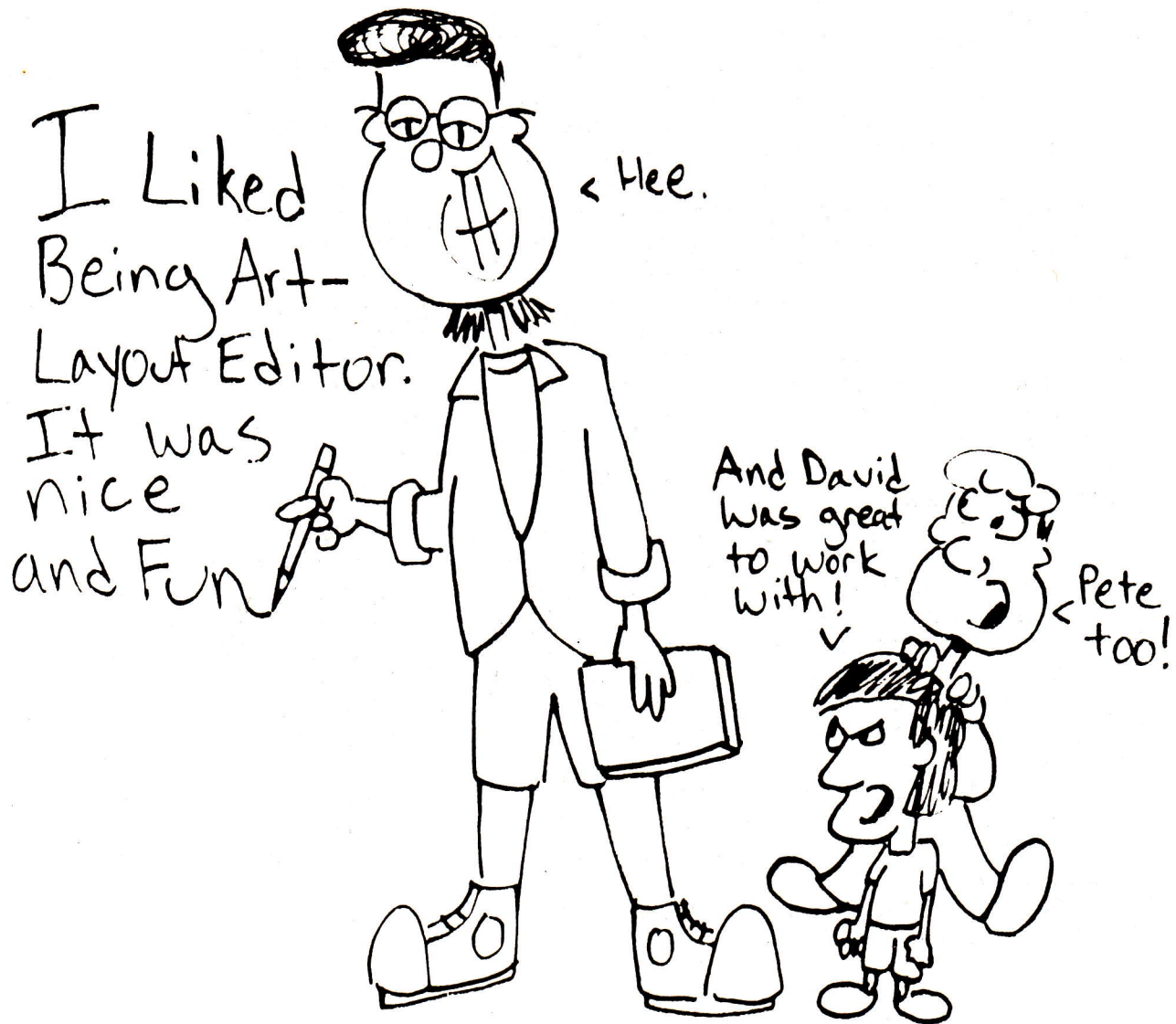


Josh Berson





## Art and Layout Editor



And special thanks to Noah - for  
illustrating my story.

*Matt Schwartz*



## **Art and Layout Editor**

Uggh. Another camp session, another eight weeks of fun-filled... uh... Publications. This year, although I didn't spend as much time in Pub as I did last year, was probably my most productive year at Buck's Rock. For once, the Publications staff was made up almost entirely of people who were here the previous year. This made it easier to get acquainted (or reacquainted) with the counselors, and so I was able to get to work much faster.

My first endeavor this year was "The Shadow Returns" , followed by "Speech Impediments" , both of which appeared in the intriguingly-titled Tappan Zee lit mag. I also did a cover design, but, because of some unspoken law, I'm not allowed to have any drawing make it to the cover of any magazine. It did go on the title page, though.

Then there was Gangway!, for which I provided the name and color scheme. It also included what I think was probably my best cartoon work this year, "Batman in: Another Stupid Hostess Advertisement" .

Next in line was Pterodactyl, the lit mag in which I was the only camper to do any layout. It was at this time when I decided what position I would apply for when yearbook came around.

Finally, after weeks of waiting, work finally began on (take a deep breath now) ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ and a Few Pictures and Photographs (gasp! wheeze!) I'll admit, my initial reaction to the length of the editors' list was quite negative, but when work actually started, I found my reaction was hasty, and work really was fun.

I'd like to take time out right now to thank:

Laura, Jen, and Sandro, for being supportive, for listening to my gripes, and for helping me with the crossword puzzles.

Mike and Fons, for not getting angry when I screwed up PMT's that they spent long (?) hours working on.

Rick, for playing Spit with me when work was slow.

Maryn, for finishing off the Cool Ranch Doritos which I had no idea what to do with.

Ian, for agreeing that the Who song was really "Squeeze Box".

Everybody in the shop on Friday afternoons, for listening to my radio show.

Gosh, so many people to thank, and so little space. Well, my prophecy from last year came true. I did enjoy 1989, and 1990 should be my best year ever, if this trend keeps up. Maybe next year I can be a Pub CITIT...

Your ever-lovin' Art and Layout editor,

David Itzkoff

Duh-Vid

(who neglected to invite Flyz-Nor, Xandor and Lo-Rah to his Baaah-Mitzvah and deeply regrets it, and will have to live with the empty feeling for the rest of his life. Sniff. Poor child.)



## ***Assistant Art and Layout Editor***

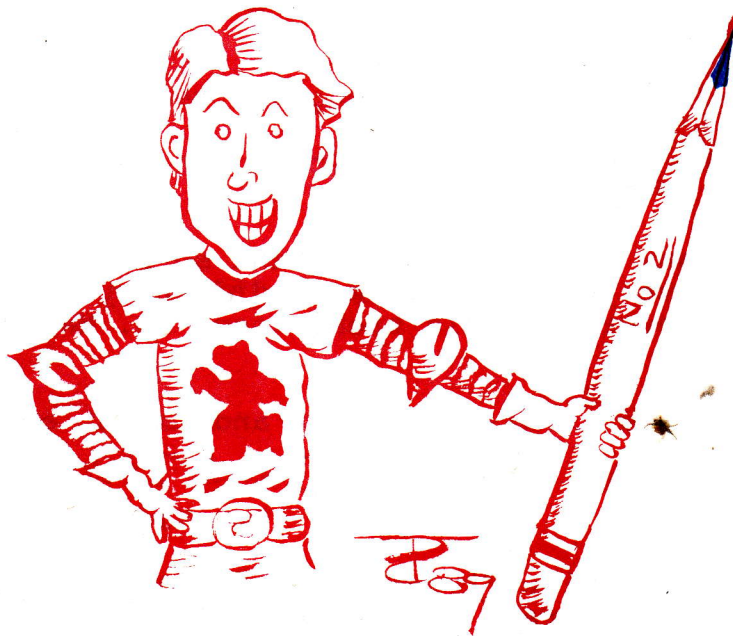
Hello to all of you who are courteous enough to take time out of your busy schedules to read an editorial by a lowly editor. It is my first summer here at Buck's Rock, and as an August camper, I am really lucky to have landed this position. When I first applied for an editorship, I never thought that they would pick me. I was wrong. The nice people here at the Pub Shop (which incidently is the best shop in camp) scooped me up under their wing, and here I am today.

For those of you who have no idea what an art and layout editor does, we basically layout the entire yearbook, putting pictures and drawings in places where they seem appropriate. We might also do drawings for the shop articles. I personally have five shop article drawings. Doing these were a lot of fun, because we could do silly drawings or sketches.

I can't write too long an editorial, which is good, because I've run out of ideas. In closing, I'd just like to say that it was a very productive four weeks for me.

Also, I'd like to thank a couple of really nice guys: Mike and Fons of the layout department, for putting up with me and answering all my questions; my superiors, David and Matt, the Art and Layout editors; and all three of you that read this far without turning the page.

Pete de Tagyos





**Co-Production Editor**

Out to  
LSD  
Back at 2

Alan



## **Co-Production Editor**



When I first got the job as Production Editor, I didn't think it would be hard. In fact, I thought it was going to be simple. All I thought it would be was printing on the presses. Well, I was very wrong.

Being a Production Editor was no simple task, but it was incredibly fun. I met new people, and got to work with them.

I hope I get the same chance next year.

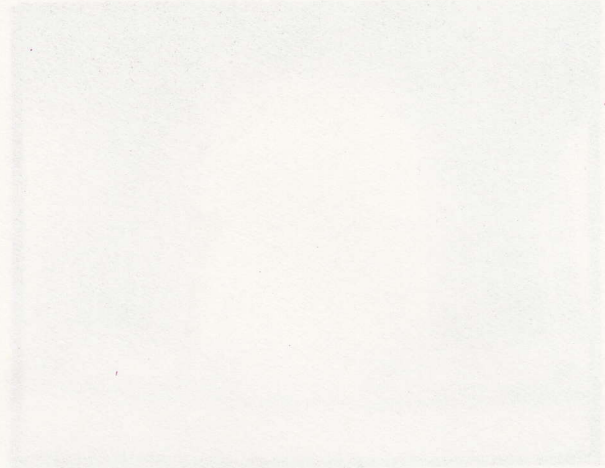
Greg Licht  
Co-Production Editor



## Photo Editors



Keith Oliver



Marlene Livingston



Josh Dancy



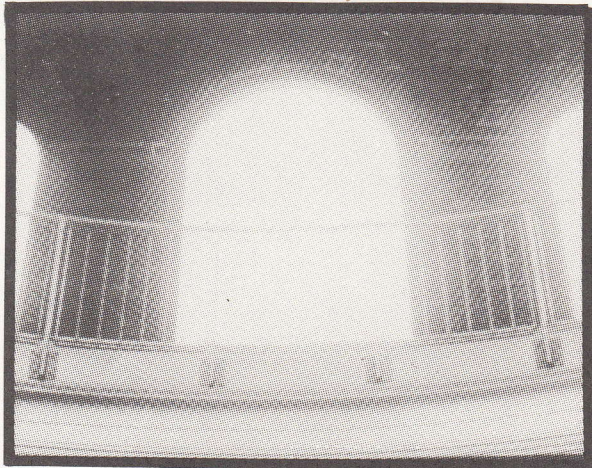
Caroline Warner

A picture is worth a 1000 words





Photo Editors



Martine Zilversmit



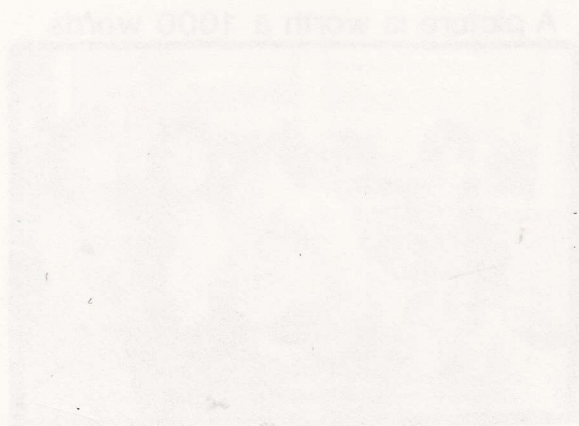
Seth Gitner



Caroline Werner



Josh Danzig



.....4002?











# FINALE

I am surprised to see that the ocean is still going on. ....

Anne Sexton



I am surprised to see that the ocean is still going on.

Anne Sexton



## Self Discovery



Each year we at Buck's Rock face many new challenges and new beginnings. The summer of '89 was certainly going to be no exception to the rule; of that there was no doubt. We would have been kidding ourselves if we had said we had no fears or reservations--with so many new campers, staff and new responsibilities, it was inevitable. Our main concern was how we were going to best be able to guide you, the campers, through your journey of discovery. How could we best assist the many new staff members in making the transition from the real, and sometimes harsh, outside world into what we believe to be the warm and nurturing teaching environment that is Buck's Rock? We hope that to a large extent we have succeeded.

As the summer draws to a close, we hope that you have a clearer sense of what Buck's Rock is all about. We hope that we have allowed you the space and time to discover a little more about yourselves. At this time you have more than just wet your lips with the excitement of achieving success, and the satisfaction and fulfillment of completing projects in so many of the mediums offered (and to such a high standard!). You have tasted the incredible feeling of being part of a performing ensemble such as theater, dance, clowning, mime or music, and, as the fall and winter months approach, you will have time to fully digest and appreciate all of these wonderful experiences.



We began by offering you everything possible and then allowing you to make your choices. We hope that you leave Buck's Rock with not only some fine projects and wonderful memories, but more importantly a greater feeling of self esteem and self confidence, a greater sense of who you are and where you might want to go.

Lastly, we hope that you have made many friendships that will endure not only the rest of your adolescent years but carry you way beyond. The concern we show for one another and the respect we give to our peers' individuality is to us one of the most important lessons in life. If Buck's Rock has in any way helped you to understand and feel a little closer to one another, then we have indeed succeeded.

with love

Guray & Daniel

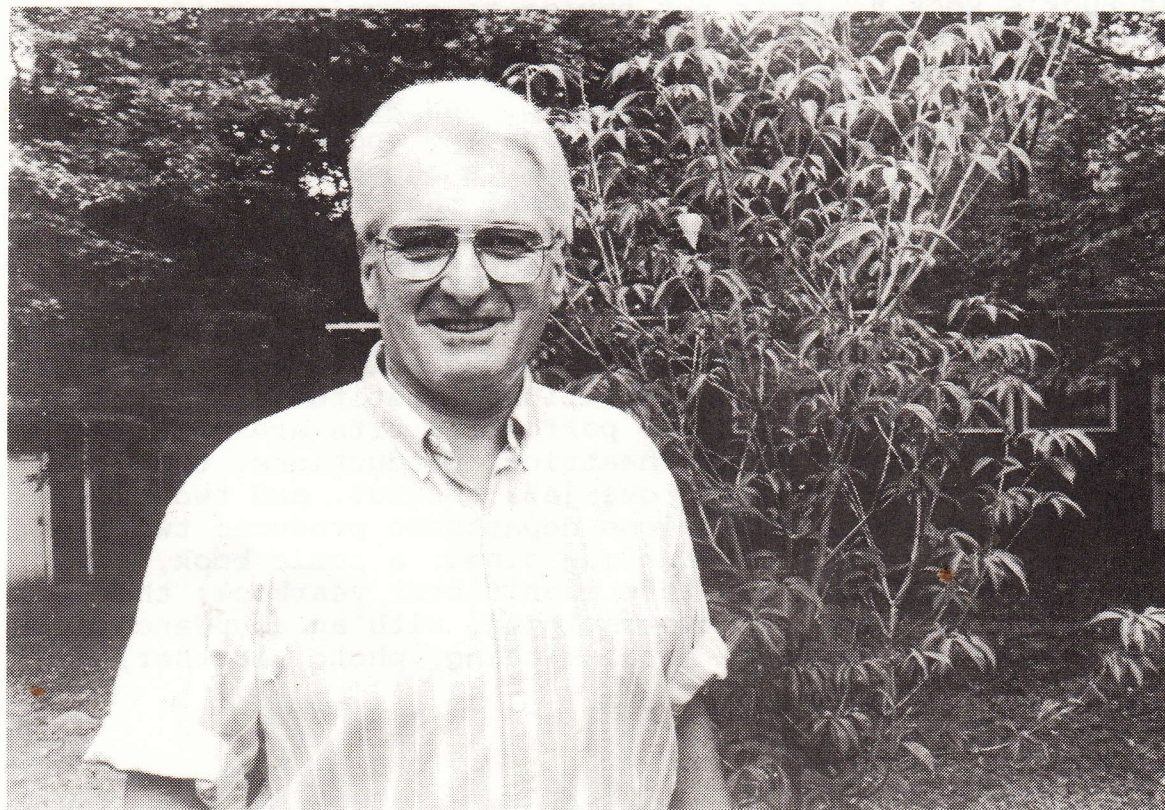




## Of Buck's Rock, Love, and Magic

Before the gong, before the Boys' House and Girls' House, and well before the first group of campers arrived here in 1943, there existed a Buck's Rock. It dwelt in the minds and the hearts of its creators, Ernst and Ilse Bulova. Educators, first in Germany and then in England, the Bulovas had a vision of what learning and teaching could be all about. They imagined a place where children would be respected for their potential, and where teachers would be free to teach in an atmosphere that fostered creativity. They believed that creativity could flourish in an environment that provided youngsters with freedom of choice and that provided teachers with the tools, supplies, and equipment they needed to carry out their mission.

The camp that Ernst and Ilse envisioned resembled no other summer camp in America. Most camps back then taught little besides sports, nature, arts and crafts (clay, popsicle sticks, paint by numbers, lanyards, etc., etc.), and "group living" (which, freely translated, meant "regimentation"). Buck's Rock would turn all of that around. It would emphasize creative achievement, individual expression, and work--be it farming or construction or artistic projects in specially designed studios and workshops. Instead of forcing children to do what they did all year round--learn because adults compelled them to--Buck's Rock would make learning so challenging and so stimulating that few children could resist becoming involved in its activities. In the process they would experience the triumph of high accomplishment.





The Bulovas guided the growth of Buck's Rock, shop by shop and dormitory by dormitory. Campers who worked on the CCC (Capable Construction Crew), a popular activity in the early years of the camp, built many of the buildings now in use. When Sybil and I took over as directors, we and our associates continued to build new facilities and to upgrade existing ones. But we considered ourselves custodians of something far more valuable and lasting than the physical structures of Buck's Rock. The Bulovas had passed on to us a philosophy of learning and living and working together that is as strong and as vibrant today as it has ever been. That philosophy sets Buck's Rock apart from all other institutions of its kind and accounts for its unique spirit and atmosphere.

For a camp that lacks a good old camp song, an authorized camp sweat shirt, official camp colors, or even a camp cheer, Buck's Rock has inspired the love and loyalty of thousands upon thousands of campers and staff. Its alumni stretch across the nation and across the world. They look back upon their summers at Buck's Rock with more than nostalgia or maudlin sentimentality. Ask them what made their experience such a special one and you'll get a different answer from each one of them. Yet almost all will agree that it was the spirit of the camp (not to be confused with camp spirit) that affected them most profoundly.

How does one begin to describe the Buck's Rock spirit? It is Ernst Bulova, still vigorous and dynamic at age 87, stirring the camp with an address on July 4. It is the CIT's on Bastille Day celebrating a French holiday by dancing to American rock music. It is losing at inter-camp games but still feeling great because "everyone's a winner at Buck's Rock." It is not having to go swimming if you don't want to. It is engaging only in those activities that you do want to. It is the summer theater mounting productions of Pygmalion, Antigone, and Midsummer Night's Dream with costumes, sets, and lighting and sound to knock your socks off. It is Al the baker's chocolate chip cookies and challah and apple strudel and Al the chef's lasagna and barbecued chicken and spaghetti and meatballs competing with all the CARE packages from home laden with cup o'soups, twizzlers, triscuits, biscuits, and who knows what else.

Buck's Rock is intensity. In two brief months we accomplish more than most educational institutions accomplish in a year: in the performing arts areas this summer we presented eight theatrical productions, two dance recitals, two concerts and one jazz recital, and two clown performances; our publications department produced two newspapers, two literary-art magazines, a comic book, an orientation booklet, and this magnificent yearbook; the output of our shops was overwhelming, with an abundance of work produced in sewing, metalsmithing, photo, leather,



print, ceramics, art, batik, silkscreening, sculpture, weaving, glass, and wood; our radio station kept us entertained and informed throughout the summer while our video department provided us with documentary records of the summer's events. Add to all of this our programs in farming, pioneering, and sports as well as our numerous trips and splendid evening activities and you have to wonder how we found the time to accomplish all that we did.

Buck's Rock is also a place for idealism and generosity of spirit. If we are to overcome the selfishness and sleazy ethics of the 80's we must re-examine our emphasis on materialism and other conventional forms of success and look at the world with a fresh vision. Our emphasis must shift from getting ahead by stepping on others to enriching our lives by learning from others, from approaching people in aggressive, competitive ways to responding to them in ways that are loving and caring. While self understanding and self acceptance are major goals of our program we hope too that our campers will gain a sense of belonging and will feel a need to make a positive contribution to society as a whole.

On Hiroshima Night, for example, many of you vowed to use your talents and your energies to make this world a more just and compassionate place for all people everywhere. Listening to you, I felt somewhat hopeful but I also had some reservations. Could a horrible event like the Hiroshima bombing happen again? It depends. There are many forces that are beyond our control but some that we can control directly. For example: Shall we use our precious gift of language to hurl mean, spiteful, angry words at each other or to foster beauty, harmony, and understanding?...Can we accept the fact that we are all different and that there is nothing wrong with diversity?...Will we ever abandon the self-serving belief that our way is the blessed way, the only true, inspired, and divine way?...Dare we consider our own human needs to be more important than anyone else's and then feel justified in using our superior power to squelch others?...Must we persist in desiring what is not rightfully ours and then pursue its attainment by fair means or foul?


So long as we allow hate and suspicion and jealousy and greed to dictate our responses to others, so long as we would hold others to a higher standard of conduct than we hold ourselves, so long as we use our superior size or strength to bully, intimidate, threaten or hurt others, so long as we resort to weapons--be they arms or fists or clubs or knives or guns or bombs--to resolve our differences, for so long will we have to live with the threat of war, the likelihood of slaughter, and the possibility that the human race will one day wipe itself off the face of this planet. Such a scenario can be avoided but it will take courage. It must begin with an honest appraisal of what lurks within our



own hearts. If we can allow our natural love and kindness and compassion to overrule our equally natural hatred and cruelty and selfishness then peace can prevail.

For many, Buck's Rock has been a haven from the so-called "real world" where crime and violence and aggression prevail. Here, for two brief months, we try to call upon the best that we have within us, we try to deal with others not in anger or spite or vindictiveness but with gentleness and understanding. Sybil, who died last fall, was the embodiment of our noblest instincts. She strove to transform ideals into realities. More than anything else, she wanted people to feel that here at Buck's Rock they could be themselves; that they would be accepted for being who they were and respected for being what they were--so long as they did not attack or hurt or harm others. Sybil was one of those rare human beings who was totally free of malice or deceit or anger. She always managed to see the good in others. A dear friend described her with these words, which are now inscribed on her tombstone: "HER LOVING WONDROUS WAYS MAGICKED THE GOODNESS INTO AND OUT OF OTHERS." Buck's Rock, under Sybil's leadership, enjoyed many days of love and magic.

Sybil's spirit, like the spirit of Buck's Rock, can never die. Both represent something so universal, so true, so essential that they will live on forever in the minds and hearts of all whom they touched. They remind us of the best that we are capable of becoming. They call upon us to dare, to strive, to attempt the impossible. They urge us to find meaning in our lives and to make the connection between our lives and those of the entire human family. They shun cynicism and despair. They sing instead of hope and joy and beauty and the wonder of human existence. Separately and together they celebrate and validate the dream that Ernst and Ilse Bulova brought to these enchanted woods of Connecticut so many, many years ago.







At the end of the summer, you may well ask yourself: "What have I learned? Have I changed? What do I believe in now? Will my present beliefs stay with me? Will they change?"

You might, occasionally, on special occasions, ask such questions of yourself, only to discover that nobody can really answer them for you. You will find that you must arrive at answers yourself, answers that satisfy you, if only temporarily.

I think, I know because I ask myself such questions not only at the end of a summer but at the approaching end of my life. I would like to share my answers with you. You might want to consider some of them, if only to ask yourself new questions.

What do I believe in, I ask. And I say to myself: I believe in Life. And I believe in Mountains. What do I mean? What do I mean by Belief in Life? I believe in life because it is mysterious. Why do I live just at this time and not in 1789 when a parisian crowd stormed the Bastille, an event you celebrated on the fourteenth of July 1989? Or why not at the time when Galileo spoke defiantly the words: "E pur si muove." Would I have applauded or condemned or remained indifferent? Or why not forty thousand years ago, when men decorated the walls of the Altamira Caves and painted the animals they encountered and hunted? Or, for that matter, why not on one of the billions of planets that circle suns a thousand times bigger than our sun? Why do I live just at this time and space? What marvellous coincidence, what inscrutable accident! I believe in life in its strange beginnings in an infancy that I and everybody can only remember in fragments, its definite, inevitable, irreversible ending.



And so I believe in existence, not designed, not planned with a purpose, but unintended and unpremeditated. To wonder at its mystery is exhilarating in its futility.

Do you, at times, wonder also, share these thoughts only to dismiss them as burdensome impediments, as I often do? You seem to me to be right if you do, you might be wrong if, at silent moments, they never occur to you.

And I believe in Mountains. Why? To climb them has no purpose. You enjoy the view for a very short time if clouds do not obscure it. You put your life in jeopardy. But, as you climb, you remind yourself that one's life is always in jeopardy. A little incident can end it. And, yet, climbing you are taking risks, you are relying on a rope that may be frayed, on the weather that may suddenly change. But for these very reasons, you enjoy the clean air more, the deep breaths you take, the cold wind that blows from the glacier, the sun's reflection in a thousand snow crystals, the hardness of the rocks, the blue of the sky above and of the ice at your feet, the sight of the green valleys far below you. You may even like the chances you are taking and the bright eye of danger. You cherish life, you love to be alive, you again become determined to fill it with all you have at your disposal, to share it with others, as you pursue your solitary climb. It is all in the past for me, but the memory and the love for mountains persist.

You can experience these feelings, provoke these thoughts by walking peacefully through woods and looking up at the trees that were grown before you were born and that might survive you by a hundred years. It may happen to you as you wander along a beach, listen to the music of the surf, look up at glistening palms. It may happen as you stroll across a meadow or stroke the soft fur of an animal. It may happen as you look up at a starry sky with its billions of suns in the endless universe that knows not of us and that we shall never really know. We may marvel at the differences between us, at the fact that no two people are alike and though we may try to come as close as possible to some, we can never fully understand each other since we can hardly understand ourselves.

Do you marvel? I wish it for you. To marvel, not too often, but at moments, sometimes. It need not be reaching the top of a mountain. It can be the sight of a sunset, the moon and the stars, the wind and the rain, the air you breathe, the water you feel, a friendship you formed, a person you learned to love and whom you probably met by accident, that may have never occurred but for chance and coincidence.

And so I wish for you that you may share my belief, my faith in life, of its mysteries and occurrences that you may have willed or that may have come to you unintended, unexpected, unlooked for. I wish for you that, at times, you may cherish these moments, cherish the miracle of life, the randomness of existence.

This is my wish to you who shared this summer with each other at Buck's Rock, the place that gave me the opportunity to have shared this summer with you.

Ernst Bulova



# Staff

## EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Maryn Duke  
Michael Hammer

## MORAL SUPPORT EDITOR

Lauren Altucher

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### WRITING EDITORS

Joshua Berson  
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Whitney Lawson  
Alexander Weider  
  
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Lauren Altucher  
Jesse Apel  
Liza Joy Bacigalupo  
Carolyn Bauer  
Amara Baumgarten  
Ellie Behrstock  
Brooke Bejurano  
Valerie Bernstein  
Prof. Joshua Berson  
Julie Birnbaum  
Jesse Bonderman  
Allegra Boverman  
Jenny Brandes  
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Maryn Duke  
Amos Elberg  
Daniel Finkelstein  
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Sean Gelles  
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Jason Goldstein  
Marnie Goodfriend  
Chloe Grimshaw  
Shana Hack  
Katie Hagmann  
Michael Hammer  
Michael Handler  
Nicole Hanrahan  
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Rebecca Hart  
Kate Higgins  
Myriam Hochberg  
April Inglese

Duh-vid Itzkoff  
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Nancy Lainer  
Whitney Lawson  
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Zac Ravage  
Leah Reisman  
Jeff Samuels  
Amanda Saslow  
Matthew Schwartz  
Jed Silverstein  
Rachel Slater  
Elizabeth Stein  
Peter de Tagyos  
Noah Tarnow  
Bliss Temple  
Sarah Tuttleton  
David Ullman  
Liza Ward  
Alexander Wee-duh  
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Maryn Duke  
Seth Gitner  
Jason Herschkowitz  
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Alan Steremberg

Lauren Altucher  
Rich Budd  
Matthew Dicke  
Steven Dicke  
Maryn Duke  
Yoram Greenburg  
Mike Hammer  
David Itzkoff  
Sara Kramer  
Greg Licht  
Matthew Schwartz  
Alan Steremberg  
Daniel Stern

## Art and Layout

### ART AND LAYOUT EDITORS

David Itzkoff  
Matthew Schwartz  
Peter de Tagyos, Associate

Silkscreen by Paul Barnum and Alex Saltzman.



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Seth Gitner  
Caroline Werner  
Martine Zilversmit

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Aurelia Caillarec  
Josh Danzig  
Maryn Duke  
Daniel Finkelstein  
Dylan Fitch  
Seth Gitner  
Tracy Grant

Yoram Greenburg  
Katie Hagmann  
Jordana Haspel  
Whitney Lawson  
Staci Lichterman  
Brian Raft  
Asher Richelli  
Andrew Rubin

Amanda Saslow  
Molly Small  
Faith Sugarman  
Charlie Swartz  
Amy Tuckett  
Caroline Werner  
Martine Zilversmit

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Beverly Goodrum  
Sandro Weiss

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Laura Ciolkowski  
(The Border Queen)

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Ian Jackson  
Steven Newman

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Kelly Myers  
Amy Russell  
Adam Traum  
...and David Danzig

### PUB CITs

Maryn Duke  
Matt Schwartz

### PHOTO CITs

Josh Danzig  
Seth Gitner  
Ben (Corky) Hirsch  
Stuart Pudell  
Caroline Werner  
Martine Zilversmit

### SPECIAL THANKS

Photo Shop, Silkscreen Shop, Kitchen Staff, Jack Gresko, Sam Mazzarella, Maintenance Staff, Pam Dicke, Lou, Ernst, Danny, Ginny, Rita Pudell, Laura Auerbach, Shawn Morin, LSD, Office Staff, Print Shop, Richard Evans, Phil Hilton, Grahm Hey, Leroy Jacques, Stevie, the Nurses (who helped us through the Writing Staff Flu), Mr. and Mrs. Coffee (who kept us going), House Counselors, and all those who helped with collation.

Cover design and dedication page by Whitney Lawson.  
Back cover by Pete de Tagyos.

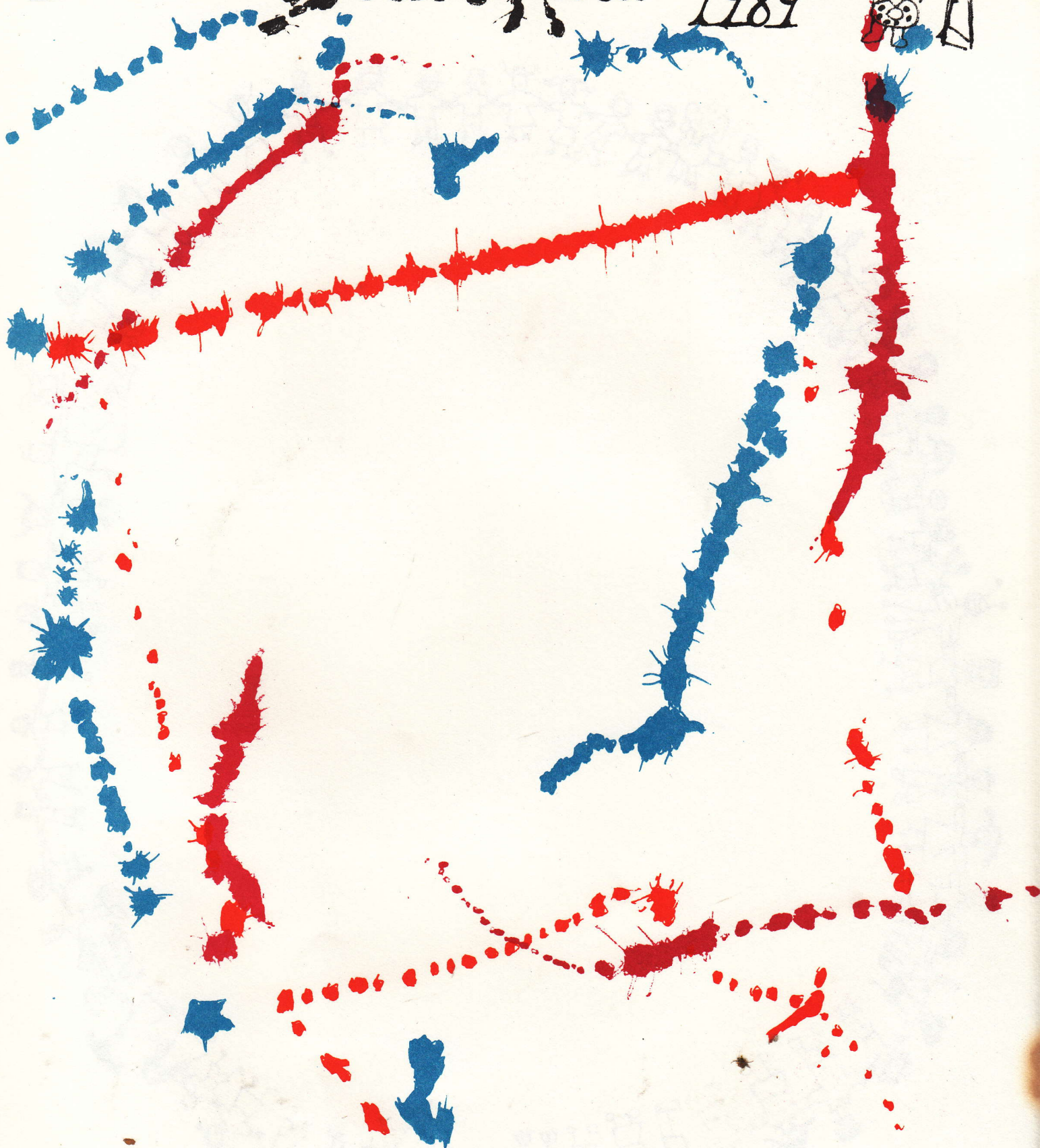


Steve Abel



# Buck's Rock

autographs  
1989





# BUCK'S ROCK

## Autographs 1989



Idea + Drawings by:  
Lauren Seidman + Lisa Vent  
Animals by: Devin Clark



What da ya mean ...  
40 colour Posterization?

Oops... there  
goes my ring.





**Yearbook 1989**



***By the campers of Buck's Rock  
New Milford, Connecticut 06776***



